

OTIS WEAVER  
Writes Fire and Tornado  
Insurance  
In the best companies

# THE EVENING NEWS

M. LEVIN  
New and Secondhand  
FURNITURE

VOLUME 5

ADA, OKLAHOMA, MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 27, 1908

NUMBER 22

## SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY

Ladies' 20 button length silk lisle  
gloves, worth \$1.50 per pair, for only  
**\$1.19**

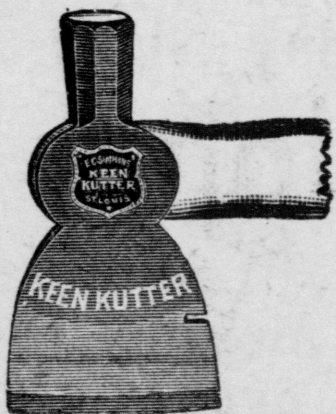
They come in two shades of brown,  
black and white, sizes 6 to 8.

**COX-GREER-M'DONALD CO.**

Cut This Out.  
This coupon, properly filled is good for ONE vote in The News' \$1.  
500.00 SUBSCRIPTION CONTEST.  
Editor Daily and Weekly News:  
I cast ONE VOTE represented in this Coupon in favor of  
M.....of.....P. O.  
.....Subscriber.  
P. O.....

## The Largest and Best Selected Stock of Hardware in Ada, Oklahoma.

IF QUALITY AND SATIS-  
FACTION IS WANTED YOU  
WILL FIND IT IN THE  
**Keen Kutter**  
LINE.



Washing Machines, Wringers, Heating and  
Cooking Stove--in fact anything in hardware at

**R. E. HAYNES** The Hardware Man  
ADA, OKLA.

**CHIC**

Ask Us

"We deliver the Goods." Telephone 91.

**Gwin, Mays & Co**

The Ada Druggists

"We run a Drug Store and Nothing More."

## TORNADO VICTIMS NOW NUMBER 300

DEATH LIST FROM STORM SWEEP  
PARTS OF SOUTH NOW PRAC-  
TICALLY COMPLETE.

### MOST OF DEAD ARE NEGROES

Greatest Havoc is Wrought in Vil-  
lages Where Dwellings Were of  
Flimsiest Materials.

Atlanta, Ga., April 26.—The death  
list in the storm of Friday and Sat-  
urday, which swept over the South,  
will reach approximately 350, with  
practically full details from South-  
ern and Eastern Georgia, where the  
wind, rain and lightning did its worst  
work Saturday and late Friday.

Another severe electrical storm  
struck Georgia today, but so far as  
known there were no fatalities and  
little property damage.

The death list in Georgia stands at  
approximately thirty, with a heavy  
loss in farming districts to prop-  
erty. The crop damage is small.

Reports are still coming from  
Northern Alabama, parts of Missis-  
sippi and Louisiana, but the list of  
dead is not materially increased.

With probably 1,200 persons in-  
jured, possibly half a hundred towns  
damaged, the story of ruin is told.  
The communities which suffered  
most were wooden-built villages, the  
majority of them with a compara-  
tively small number of inhabitants.  
Wind caused the greatest havoc, and  
negro residents form the larger por-  
tion of dead and injured.

The totals are:  
Killed, about 350.

Injured painfully or seriously, 1,  
200.

Homeless, several thousand.

Towns reporting serious wreckage,  
46.

Habitations and business houses  
practically complete ruins in these  
towns, about 2,500.

Reports from 46 Towns in 4 States.

Following is a list by states of the  
forty-six towns reporting more  
or less damage from the storm:

Louisiana—Lucerne, Kenmore,  
Richland, Amite, Essie, Pine, Angle,  
Franklin, Sheridan, Avard, Eunice,  
Lamourie, Total 12.

Mississippi—Giles Bend, Purvis,  
Church Hill, Lorman, Tillman, Mel-  
ton, Baxterville, Braxton, Sunflower,  
Waalak, Wingate, Columbus, Walls,  
Fairchilds Creek, Quitman's Land-  
ing, McLaurin, McCallum, Winchester,  
Pine Ridge, Total 19.

Georgia—Columbus, Chipley, La-  
Grange, Harris, Griffin, McDonough,  
Locust Grove, Cedartown, Cave  
Springs, Total 9.

Alabama—High Mound, Albertville  
Hatton, Leesburg, Settlement, Blount-  
ville, Total 6.

The four members of the Rayburn  
family reported killed at Baxterville,  
Miss., were not killed, but were in-  
jured, two of them, Robert Rayburn  
and wife, seriously.

The following deaths of white per-  
sons have not previously been re-  
ported:

Melton, Miss., Mr. Potts and wife.

### RATES WILL BE PROB- ED THIS WEEK

Reduction of 30 Per Cent May Re-  
sult from Inquiry.

Oklahoma City, April 26.—To take  
testimony in several cases affecting  
transportation rates on lumber, coal,  
wheat, petroleum and other articles  
of commerce, Commissioners Drayton  
and Lamb of the interstate com-  
merce commission at Washington will  
hold a continuous sitting at the  
Chamber of Commerce rooms begin-  
ning Tuesday. Eight causes will be  
up for adjudication, and if all the  
petitions are granted, it is believed  
that tariffs on the various articles  
will be reduced on an average of 30  
to 50 per cent.

Practically all the railroads and  
large petroleum, lumber, coal and  
other shippers are interested in the  
findings of the hearings.

## TULSA CUT-UPS PARALYZE TRADE

BOOMERS STORM CHICAGO BOARD  
OF TRADE, SUSPENDING  
MARKET REPORTS.

### BAND PLAYS INDIAN MUSIC

Business Centers Wire Frantically,  
Without Avail, Until Oklaho-  
mans Depart.

Chicago, April 25.—The Tulsa, Ok.,  
Boomers captured the Board of  
Trade today and while they raised  
high Jinks for five minutes paralyzed  
the markets of the world.

One hundred and thirty strong,  
with a brass band in front, the Tul-  
sa Commercial Club entered the por-  
tals of the Board of Trade build-  
ing. The policemen who guards the  
gateway attempted to prevent an  
entrance. He was picked up bodily  
and carried out of the lobby. In the  
midst of the excitement, President  
Hiram N. Eager and Secretary Stone  
of the Board of Trade, appeared, and  
the Oklahomans, headed by Presi-  
dent H. O. McClure and their other  
officials, were led to the trading  
floor.

Before anybody was aware what  
was happening, the band had formed  
into a circle and was giving vent to  
some Indian music that made more  
noise in a minute than the Chicago  
traders could make in an hour.  
Then it was that buying stopped.  
Selling stopped. All the telegraph  
instruments on the floor were drown-  
ed out. The market stood still. Over  
the whole mechanism of the board  
a wave of sudden rest set in.

New York felt the break in the  
usual tension. So did London and  
Paris.

"What's the matter?" New York  
wired.

"Oklahoma arrived," went flashing  
over the wire. Business will be re-  
sumed when Oklahoma goes away."

Speculation in grain and provi-  
sions was at a standstill all over the  
world. From St. Louis, Kansas City,  
New Orleans and Winnipeg came  
frantic messages.

Then the Boomers left the build-  
ing and the world moved on.

### COMBINE HAS 30 DAY'S GRACE.

Believed Oklahoma Has Given Rock  
Island-Frisco That Long to  
Dissolve Merger.

New York, April 26.—Notwith-  
standing the numerous rumors that  
the Rock Island interests have work-  
ed out a complete plan for the dis-  
solution of the merger of the Rock  
Island and the Frisco, at least in  
Oklahoma, it is learned semi-official-  
ly that consideration of the matter  
has only reached the initial stage.  
The state officials recently entered  
into a compromise agreement with  
the officials of the road, and it seems  
that the company still has something  
like thirty days before conforming to  
the Oklahoma requirements.

The governor of Oklahoma was not  
disposed to be radical, as he ap-  
peared to be convinced that the roads  
were exercising their efforts to pro-  
mote the welfare of the state and  
its inhabitants. He was inclined to  
overlook technical questions and not  
interfere with successful methods.  
But it is said that the Attorney gen-  
eral of Oklahoma insisted on enforc-  
ing the laws literally.

From a friend of one of the offi-  
cials of the Rock Island and Frisco  
companies it is learned that a plan  
which has been discussed con-  
templates the separation legally of  
the controlling interests as well as  
the separation of the operating and  
traffic departments. It is not im-  
possible that one road will be turn-  
ed over to Judge W. H. Moore, an-  
other to D. G. Reid, another to Jas.  
Campbell, and so on. In this way all  
the legal requirements will be com-  
plied with, there would be no hold-  
ing company and each of the roads  
would be separate.



DESIGNED BY  
**SPERO, MICHAEL & SON**  
New York

## The Long and Short

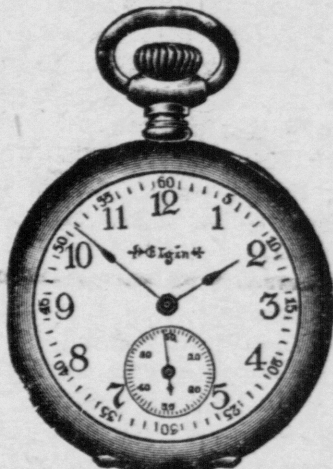
of the clothing subject is that  
our "Spero, Michael & Son"  
suits are "long" on both quality  
and style and "short" on price.  
You pay only for quality—the  
style is an added attraction.  
We don't say much about the  
price for that is the last thing to  
be considered. Once having in-  
spected our style for spring wear  
you will find that they are made  
right at the right price. Men's  
and young men's suits in a wide  
variety of styles, patterns and  
materials

**\$10 to \$20**

Panama hats in many shapes and  
styles from \$6 to \$7.50. You pos-  
itively can't equal the price for  
less than \$7.50 to \$10.

Bat and ball given free with  
every boy suit.

**I. Harris**



## WATCHES

7 to 21 jewel in all the standard  
makes \$3.50 to \$35.00 each, fitted up  
in filled and solid gold cases \$10.00  
to \$50.00.

Call and let us show you the fa-  
mous South Bend, the best watch on  
earth. Remember we do the best  
watch and jewelry repairing, diamond  
setting and optical work.

**C. J. WARRAN & CO.,**  
Next door to First National Bank.

## Good Eating

Robert Ellis has purchased the  
**ENGLISH KITCHEN**

and your patronage will be appreciated. Good cook. Cour-  
teous treatment. Give us a trial.

## THE ADA NATIONAL BANK

Condensed report of condition of the  
**Ada National Bank**  
ADA, OKLAHOMA.  
as reported to Comptroller of the Currency at the close of business Friday,  
February 14, 1908.

RESOURCES:		LIABILITIES:	
Loans and Discounts	\$95,016.00	Capital Stock	\$50,000.00
U. S. Bonds and Premiums	12,759.77	Surplus and Profits	15,054.77
Banking House Furniture & Fixtures	10,525.00	Circulation	12,500.00
Cash, with Banks and		Deposits	111,281.28
Advances on Cotton	71,136.87		
	\$190,438.00		\$199.99

The above is correct. **FRANK JONES, Cashier.**

**BEST LINE IN ADA**  
**Wall Paper** LARGEST LINE  
BEST ASSORTMENT  
...HONEST PRICES  
**INGRAM PAINT COMPANY**

**COMPLETE LINE**  
Of Watches, Rings, and the famous  
Edison Phonograph

**W. J. BEATY**  
Leading Jeweler and Optician  
Fifteen years at the bench. Everything  
guaranteed as represented. Engraving  
a specialty.  
Masons Drug Store. Ada, Okla.





# ORDINANCE NO. 140.

An Ordinance Creating the Office of City Clerk, and Defining the Duties and Salary Thereof.

Be It Ordained by the Mayor and Councilmen of the City of Ada:

Section 1. That the office of City Clerk is hereby created in and for the City of Ada, Oklahoma.

Section 2. It shall be the duty of the city clerk to attend all meetings of the council and record its proceedings, keep the proper account books appertaining to his office, record all ordinances of said council in a book to be provided for that purpose, and in connection with the mayor, shall attest the same.

Section 3. He shall also keep and preserve in his office the corporate seal of the city, all records, public papers and documents of the city, not belonging to any other officer of said city.

Section 4. He shall make quarterly reports to the Mayor and council and at such other times as they may require it, and in such report give a detailed statement of all receipts and expenditures of money belonging to said city, and of all debts due to and from the same, and he shall perform all such other duties as may be required of him by the Mayor and council.

Section 5. The city clerk shall not permit any records or documents in his charge to be removed from his office except by some city officer entitled to the use thereof, or for the inspection of the council, and shall take their receipt therefor.

Section 6. The city clerk shall be ex-officio clerk of the Board of Health and shall record the proceedings of said board in a suitable book, sign all notices, keep strict account of all moneys received and expended by said board, and in general perform all duties of a clerk of said board and which may be prescribed by said board.

Section 7. The city clerk, shall, in addition to the duties hereinbefore set out, at all times perform all the duties appertaining to said office as set forth in the laws of the State of Oklahoma, and shall receive an annual salary of \$40 per month, payable in equal monthly installments and in addition thereto, the following fees:

5 per cent of all occupation taxes collected by him, and 5 per cent on all water rents, and 10 per cent on street taxes collected.

Section 8. That the salary and fees hereinbefore set out shall apply and be in force from and after the date of April 10th, A. D., 1908, and that this ordinance shall go into force and effect from and after its passage and approval.

Passed by the council this the 24th day of April, 1908.

Approved by the Mayor this the 24th day of April, 1908.

GEO. A. HARRISON, Mayor.

Attest: W. B. Jones, City Clerk.

(Published 27th day of April, 1908.)

# ORDINANCE NO. —

An Ordinance Creating the Office of Police Judge, and Defining the Duties and Fixing the Salary Thereof.

Be It Ordained by the Mayor and Councilmen of the City of Ada:

Section 1. That the office of Police Judge is hereby established in and for the City of Ada, Oklahoma.

Section 2.—That the said Police Judge shall have all the powers and jurisdiction as set forth in the statutes of the State of Oklahoma, and that he shall perform all the duties appertaining to said office, as set forth therein.

Section 3. That in addition to the foregoing duties, he shall hold court in the city hall, or some other place such as the city council may designate, every day (Sundays excepted), beginning at 8:30 a. m. and continuing through the day until such business appearing on the docket of said police court shall be disposed of, or until 6 o'clock p. m.

Section 4. That the said police judge shall receive a monthly salary of Ten Dollars per month and fees as follows: Provided the city shall not be responsible for any fee.

On pleas of guilty in police court \$3.00.

On convictions in police court, \$3.50. And in addition he shall receive the same fees as are allowed justices of the peace for like services.

Section 4. That this ordinance shall go into force and effect from and after its passage and approval.

Passed by the council this the 22nd day of April, A. D., 1908.

Approved by the Mayor, this— day of —, A. D., 1908.

GEO. A. HARRISON, Mayor.

Attest: W. B. JONES, City Clerk.

(Published 27th day of April, 1908.)

## The Vanishing Fleets

By ROY NORTON

oy night and day, he traversed the continent, and at last entered the gateway of the northwest, where so many of his countrymen had resided prior to the outbreak of hostilities, but where now he might claim neither friends nor sympathizers. Here indeed was a No Man's Land where none extended a welcome. From then on he must depend entirely on his own resources, and he understood perfectly well that he was nearing a hard finish of a long race. He lost no time in making a start.

Under the pretext of going to a camp where he was to cook he induced a launch that was starting out toward the mouth of Puget sound to take him aboard as a passenger and land him at its journey's end a short distance from Port Townsend. He was dropped off late in the evening at a tiny landing, and later saw the little boat speed back toward Seattle. He was without food save such as had been given him, and tightened the belt beneath his Chinese garb in anticipation of a hard trip. Unused to the rougher life, he made painful progress, and nothing save his desperation enabled him to traverse the primitive strip between him and the city. Footsore and dependent, he forged doggedly ahead, until at last by sheer will power alone he gained the outskirts of the port. Its wooden wharf was deserted, and many of the houses were closed and vacant, the fear of Japanese shells and government weakness having driven the more prosperous inhabitants away.

Thoroughly worn out, he waited until night fell, then crawled into a coal shed and slept as only the worn and weary can sleep. He rose refreshed and jubilant because he had gained this far without accident, hunger being his only immediate discomfort. From his depleted store cloth he extracted the smallest coin, bent on buying food before the city was

awake. He made his way down the hillside to the business section without attracting attention, and entered the doorway of a grocery store, where a sleepy-looking youth was sweeping away the previous day's waste. In broken English he made known his wants, and then, finding the salesman apparently friendly and stupid, lost some of his native caution and began to ask questions regarding the watch kept along the frontier. At his first query the boy looked at him slyly; but after a moment's hesitation fell in and answered everything readily, assuring him, however, that it would be difficult for any living thing to get past the soldiers who kept watch and ward over the boundary line.

Elated by the apparent ease with which he had secured provisions, he again retreated toward the edge of the city, mentally formulating plans for stealing a boat when night came, and by this means to make his way to Vancouver, where he would be on British soil. Had he looked back he would have seen that the boy, broom in hand, watched him with an assumption of mere idle interest for a moment only, then hurriedly threw off his apron, banged the door shut and ran as fast as his legs would carry him to a big building farther down the street. It was where the officials of the port held forth. The alarm had been given!

Seigo rested in a thicket at the edge of a forest and partook of a leisurely breakfast, laughing meanwhile at the dullness of the Americans and the boy in particular. He regretted the loss of his handkerchief, which he feared must have been dropped in the grocery store, but smiled at the thought of being within so few miles of a refuge where others might be bought and where he could find ease and comfort.

From back of him a deep bellowing sound came faintly through the trees, and he wondered what the unusual noise could be. He rose to his feet, still holding a remnant of food in his hand, and waited for a repetition of the noise, which, borne on the breeze, was heard more sharply. Only once before had he ever known that same sullen bay, and then it was when as a visitor in a southern village he had seen a pack of hounds followed by excited men pass him in quest of a negro criminal. His memory harked back to that time, and his hair raised itself in terror. He threw away his food and dashed madly into the woods, seeking to escape that menacing undertone which his consciousness told him could have but one quarry. He knew in an instant that the boy had betrayed him, and that he, Count Seigo, a nobleman of Japan and descendant of the Samurai, was being hunted by dogs like a wild beast of the woods.

For a few minutes he ran in a panic, taking no heed of direction, and bent only on gaining time to think, and putting space between him and his pursuers. A tangle of undergrowth compelled him to stop and seek for avenues through the wilderness. He ran down what seemed an old deserted road, but on neither side could he find a place favoring a change of course. He was doubling back along the side of a triangle, and was so close at one time to the bounds that he momentarily expected them to break cover,

drop the scent afforded by the handkerchief and cut across to where he was. He could even distinguish the shouts of the men behind, continually encouraging the animals in the chase, and heard one exclaim: "It's the Jap, all right, or he wouldn't have lit out so quick!"

His teeth came together with a click at this confirmation of his suspicions, and now he realized that wherever an officer of the law was posted warning had been given of his coming. He swore that he would yet escape, and urged himself in the name of his country to rush ahead; and thus for many minutes the fate of Japan rested on a race between bloodhounds and a fugitive who tore headlong through the undergrowth, careless of thorns which reached out and scarred his face, ripped the false queue from his short cropped bristling hair and rent his clothing.

Once, blinded with perspiration, he plunged into what appeared to be a pathway; but fell through a tangle at the end, to find himself beside a wayside spring. He gulped three or four swallows of water and retraced his steps, cursing fate for the loss of time, and ran with renewed energy down the roadway. A flash of reflected light smote him in the eyes, and he saw that he had reached the water's edge. At his feet stretched only tossing waves, and like a stag at bay he was driven to the open.

The end seemed very near now; for back of him the harsh clamorings broke out into a triumphant wailing note telling those behind that the quarry had been sighted. The hounds were coming on the run, and round the bend of the road emerged an excited but grimly determined lot of men of that stamp which makes a frontier, set jawed, lean visaged, and running with the long, loping stride of those accustomed to sustained violent exertion.

Seigo, distracted and desperate, took a few steps in either direction, uncertain which way to turn, and then discovered but a short distance below a boat in which lay a pair of oars. It was the only way to gain a moment's respite from those great brutes which, with bellies low to the ground, with lolling jaws and flaming eyes, whose red he could discern, were closing in on him. He made three or four frantic leaps and threw himself into the craft, shoving it off almost as the animals were upon him, and then with maniacal energy threw the oars into the locks and bent himself double pulling against them. Even then at the last he experienced one brief moment of exultation as he heard the swish of parted waters against the bow and saw the space widening between him and the beach on which stood his baffled pursuers. He saw the men halt on the shingle and heard them shouting to him; but never ceased pulling, hoping and half believing that he could put himself beyond range. It was Seigo against them all now, and he began to glow with triumph, not knowing the character of those men of the west who still gave him a chance for his life. Drunk with excitement, he shouted back a taunt in his own tongue.



Two of the Men on the Beach Kneel Down and Aimed Their Rifles.

Two of the men on the beach knelt down and aimed their rifles calmly and steadily at that moving target which was drawing away. They were as cool as they would have been if covering a grazing deer in the hills. The rising sun made of the Japanese a fair mark, lighting up even at that distance his sneering face. There were two quick puffs of smoke, which rose simultaneously into the air and floated away in little wisps, two short sharp reports, and Seigo sprang to his feet, dropped his hold on the oars, and clutched his breast in agony, whirled round in his wildly bobbing craft, and then slowly pitched forward and over into the waters of the sound, his days of effort terminated in defeat and his mission at an end.

(Continued)

## Your Uncle Sam

Keeps his eagle eye on us to see that we are always in condition to Protect Depositors.

The laws of the United States by which we are regulated makes this Bank an attractive place to keep your account.

Conservative management and courteous officers make it a pleasure to deal with

## The First National Bank

W. L. REED, President. C. H. RIVES, Vice President. M. D. TIMBERLAKE, Cashier.

## Go to The Racket Store

For new Goods. You always get a square deal. We keep the prices down

C.P. Richardson, Prop.

First door west of Chapman's Shoe Store

The human body is composed principally of Water. Therefore you should drink pure water

## Ada Artesian Water

Chemically Pure

"I recommend this as an ideal table water." — V. G. Shinkle, City Chemist, Okla. City

"It is a good water in every respect." — G. L. Halter, Chemist, A & M College Stillwater, Okla.

## Telephone Mr. Hughes

Number 319

## Beginning Monday Night

## The Airdome

Opens for Everynight Shows Monday Evening. Moving Pictures and a change every night Lake Reynolds ALPINE YODLER Imitator and German comedians, featuring Mat Keef's famous cradle song

## "Sleep Baby Sleep"

A PLACE TO GO EVERY NIGHT

Grand Popular Prices, Admission 10 and 15c

## JUST ONE LITTLE SPOT

The spot in the center of this space bears the same relation to the size of the space as

the spot where the wheat grows from which WAPCO FLOUR is made bears to the size of the earth

JUST ONE, LITTLE SPOT

## LEADING PROFESSIONAL MEN

CRAWFORD & BOLEN

Attorneys-at-Law.

Citizens' Nat'l. Bank - - Ada,

Res. Phone 173 Office Phone 80.

DRE. BRAWALL & FAUST,

Office Henley and Biles Building.

H. M. FURMAN

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Will do a general Civil and Criminal Practice. Office in Duncan Building

LIGON & KING,

Physicians and Surgeons.

Office in First National Bank Bldg

HOME ABSTRACT AND REAL ESTATE COMPANY.

General Abstract, Loan and Real Estate Business. Agents American Surety Company.

Office. Conn-Little Bldg. Ada, Okla.

C. A. Galbraith Tom D. McKeown,

GALBRAITH & McKEOWN

LAWYERS

Over Citizens National Bank Ada, Ind. Ter.

GRANGER & SAFFARRANS Dentists

In Freeman Bldg. Ada, I. T. Office phone 57 Residence 242

DR. J. D. THOMPSON,

DENTIST.

Ada National Bank Bldg. Ada, Okla. Phone 265.

DR. B. H. ERB,

DENTIST.

Rooms 1, 2 and 3 First Natl. Bank Bldg. Phone No. 212.

DR. L. M. DOSS,

Dentist,

Oklahoma City, Okla. Office Cor. Main and Broadway,

## ADA STEAM LAUNDRY CO.

Is given up, to be best, Do

Largest Agency Work

of any plant in this Territory.

The Old

## O. K. MEAT MARKET

is now conducted by Wright Bros. the old-time meat market men of Ada, who will be pleased to meet all their old time customers. Fresh and cured meats, Pure home rendered hog lard. Come in and see us. Courteous treatment. Freshest of meats.

WRIGHT BROS.

Pain, anywhere, can be quickly stopped by one of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. Pain always means congestion—unnatural blood pressure. Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets simply coax congested blood away from pain centers. These Tablets—known by druggists as Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets—simply equalize the blood circulation and then pain always departs in 20 minutes, 20 Tablets 25 cents. Write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., for free package. Sold by G. M. Ramsey.



# Don't Put Off Too Long

The buying of that  
**Spring Matting**

We have only a few pieces left of our big stock, and judging from the fast selling of the last few days the present stock will not last long.

22½c Matting - 19c  
25c Matting - 20c  
30 and 35c Matting 25c

**Chapples**

DRY GOODS and GROCERIES

## PERSONAL COLUMN

E. L. Steed returned to Tupelo today.

Attorney Rowland is here from Roß.

Try the Gold Medal fish and oyster market. Phone 37.

Jap Copeland of Center is in Ada today.

Mrs. Van Horn sells Spirella Corsets. Phone 116.

Dr. J. W. Wimbish returned to Stonewall today.

Walsh handles the celebrated Louis Brand of groceries. Phone 17.

Dr. Cox and wife came in from Tyrola today.

Lawn mowers from \$3.50 up. McRae-Whitesides Co.

Geo. W. Cox and family returned to Stonewall.

T. B. Kile & Sons baggage, bus and transfer meet all trains day and night. Phone 31.

J. P. Lockwood an attorney of Sulphur is in the city on legal business.

The Louis Brand of groceries are in great demand. Walsh has them. Phone 17.

M. D. Steiner spent Sunday in the city and left on the Katy for Coalgate, Atoka, etc.

Gasoline stoves and ranges. McRae-Whitesides Co.

Substantial improvements and repairs are being made on the Chapman hotel.

See our hot plate gasoline stove. McRae-Whitesides Co.

H. Woodard of Konawa came through Ada today via Katy en route to Mt. Vernon, Tex.

High wheel and low wheel ball bearing lawn mowers. McRae-Whitesides Co.

The Dr. Breco case was called up this morning and was set for a later date.

The Airdome will be the scene of much activity henceforward as a show is booked for each night.

We have the guaranteed non-explosive gasoline stoves and ranges. McRae-Whitesides Co.

The Home Mission will meet Tuesday afternoon at the Methodist church instead of this afternoon.

Harry Parks says the people of Ada shall not want for a place to go and spend the long summer evenings.

Rev. T. B. Harrell filled his regular appointments at the Baptist church Sunday and two good sermons where heard by his congregation.

### District Court.

Jim Ross plead guilty to aggravated assault but sentence was not passed this afternoon.

The case of Hiram Land charged with assault to kill is on trial this afternoon. This happened out at the O. C. railway, Owen Kile being the prosecuting witness.

### Tom Birdwell Case.

The case of Tom Birdwell charged with the murder of Jim Goodson that occupied the latter part of last week was concluded and the case given to the jury Saturday evening up to going to press Monday no agreement had been reached. LATER—Just as we go to press the jury in the Tom Birdwell case brought in a verdict of manslaughter and assessed fine of \$1000 and ten years in penitentiary.

Blake Allen who was tried as an accomplice was given two years.

### ADA DEFEATS WEWOKA.

Fast Game Played at Latter City Yesterday.

Ada defeated Wewoka yesterday on their own ground in one of the fastest games of ball of the season. It was a hitting feast from start to finish. The score being 13 to 4. The features of the game being the pitching of Martin and stealing of home base by Keiser.

Ada has the fastest little ball team in Southern Oklahoma and is establishing a record that can not be downed. The team is named in honor of our enterprising merchants Katz & Rosenfield, of the Grand Leader, the uniforms bearing the name. The team is arranging for a number of games soon.

## J. E. BILLS DIES.

Respected by All the Citizens, Beloved by His Friends and Idolized by His Relatives.

Mr. J. E. Bills died Sunday evening, April 26th, at his home on East Main street.

Only the previous Sunday, the sad writer of this obituary of a beloved citizen of Ada, sat with him at his hospitable and happy home and talked together joyously of the prospects for the future.

The deceased was stricken a few days ago with acute progressive paralysis, the dread disease first attacking him in his feet and lower limbs. Slowly and unrelentingly day by day this death claiming dragon penetrated further into his life's vitals, until last evening when his heart and throat were laid seige, he succumbed.

A careful, truthful character sketch of the life of J. E. Bills as his close friends have known him for many years and a description of the brave, heroic conduct of him, who until so lately had been such a vigorous, strong man, during his short illness, when he was conscious of approaching death, could not other than deeply impress all who became informed that in the thought of his life and death there was ample reach for inspiration which might acquire for all of us higher ennobling conceptions of the philosophy and righteousness of entire unselfishness in this human life.

Mr. Bills was respected and admired by all the citizens who knew him. All of his associates held a genuine affection for him and his family and relatives idolized him; the latter knew the greatness and gentleness of heart and nature. He lived for his family and loved ones.

It has been remarked about Mr. Bills that in the consideration of the natural consequences of man's position before his fellow citizens, that undoubtedly no man, so much as he, had ever a personality and a force of character which would award him so many and enduring friends without the accompanying penalty of a compliment of enemies. Mr. Bills had no enemies, only friends. He was conscious until his death. A little while before he died, he called for a conference with his banker, Tom Hope, and business associate, George Frierson. His mind was at perfect ease. He had suggested that his children should stay near his bedside. His doctors and friends would answer his interrogation as to the probable approach of death very guardedly. The thought of death did not alarm him. It appeared that his regard for the feelings of his dear ones only deterred him from discussing its near approach. When some of his friends suggested that he would recover, he asked one of them in his old hearty, jolly way, "What does old 'Lig' think, does he believe I am going to croak?" He was referring to his old and strong friend and physician, Dr. Ligon.

At the Bills home there are assembled today a large number of grief-stricken relatives and friends. The relatives present are: brothers, Charlie Bills of this city, N. O. Bills of Tulsa, and Walter Fulton of Sherman; cousins, Charlie and William Bills of Paris; sisters, Misses Sallie, Jervis, Edna and Vera Fulton and Mr. and Mrs. Fulton of Sherman. Friends present from a distance are: Messrs. Dave Cole of Sherman and R. M. Holcomb of Oklahoma City, old banker friends, together with their families.

The deceased is survived by his wife, Mrs. Melissa Bills and little daughters, Loma, Eunice and Jervis. He was a consistent member of the Christian church, where funeral services will be held this evening at 5 o'clock. Interment will take place at Rosedale.

### Close.

The business houses of Ada will close this afternoon as an award of respect, during the J. E. Bills funeral services.

That languid, lifeless feeling that comes with spring and early summer, can be quickly changed to a feeling of buoyancy and energy by the judicious use of Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The Restorative is a genuine tonic to tired, run-down nerves, and but a few doses is needed to satisfy the user that Dr. Shoop's Restorative is actually reaching that tired spot. The indoor life of winter nearly always leads to sluggish bowels, and to sluggish circulation in general. The customary lack of exercise and outdoor air ties up the liver, stagnates the kidneys, and oft-times weakens the heart's action. Use Dr. Shoop's Restorative a few weeks and all will be changed. A few days test will tell you that you are using the right remedy. You will easily and surely note the change from day to day. Sold by G. M. Ramsey.

## COLD SODA

We use the best in all our drinks; artesia water in them all.

## The Water that Made Ada Famous

And Jones he pays the freight

J. E. JONES DRUG COMPANY

The Leading Druggists

### Brave Woman.

There is extreme gratification by those acquainted with the home life of the Bills, that the noble little wife of the deceased is bearing her great affliction so bravely. Indeed, the hearts of the friends of the family bemoan with the family the great bereavement of this newly widowed woman, and her sisters and the little children.

Weak women get prompt and lasting help by using Dr. Shoop's Night Cure. These soothing, healing, antiseptic suppositories, with full information how to proceed are interestingly told in my book "No. 4 For Women." The book and strictly confidential medical advice is entirely free. Simply write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., for my book No. 4. Sold by G. M. Ramsey.

### COAL LAND.

Congress May Agree for the State to Buy from 'Chicks and Checks.'

Washington, D. C., April 27.—An amendment authorizing Oklahoma to enter into negotiations with the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations for the purchase of segregated coal lands was today agreed to by the senate committee on Indian affairs and made part of the removal of restrictions bill.

Owing to the great number of amendments submitted, the committee adjourned over until Tuesday when the bill will probably be reported to the senate. Indications are that the senate bill will be far less liberal than the house measure and that a compromise will be necessary before any remedial legislation can be expected.



## CIGARS

Have a Good Cigar. They don't cost you any more than some of the bad ones that you have been trying to smoke, and couldn't. We sell the celebrated "Abacco" cigar for 5c, the price is all that distinguishes it from a 10c cigar. It will only cost you a nickel to testify to the truthfulness of the above. Suppose you make an investment of 5c and see. We also sell other cigars, smoking and chewing tobacco.

## G. M. Ramsey

THE PURE DRUG DRUGGIST.

"We Deliver the Goods."

Piles are easily and quickly checked with Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. To prove it I will mail a small trial box as a convincing test. Simply address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. I surely would not send it free unless I was certain that Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment would stand the test. Remember it is made expressly and alone for swollen painful, bleeding or itching piles either external or internal. Large jar 50c. Sold by G. M. Ramsey.

### HOW'S THIS.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

G. A. Harrison

A. R. Sugg

## Harrison & Sugg

General Real Estate and Insurance Agents. Farm and city property for sale or rent. If you have anything for sale list it with us.

Office: Front of Citizens National Bank  
Ada, Oklahoma

## HOLLEY

Is papering and painting his drug store out of his own material. Come in and see how it shines.

I can fix you up the same way. No music boxes to catch your trade.

## CRESCENT DRUG STORE

Deposits Guaranteed. Every dollar deposited in the Farmers' State Bank is protected by the Deposits Guaranty Fund of Oklahoma. We will appreciate your business. tf

## EXTRA LOUIS QUALITY BRAND COFFEE AND CANNED GOODS

STRICTLY HIGH GRADE-POPULAR PRICE



ManZan Pile Remedy. Price 50c is guaranteed. Put up ready to use. One application prompt relief to any form of Piles, Soothers and heals. Sold by Gwin, Mays & Co.

## ECONOMY

Means making the most out of every resource. You are not fully utilizing your resources unless you are using the Long Distance Telephone. It is economic, accurate and instantaneous.

PIONEER TELEPHONE and TELEGRAPH COMPANY

## Fresh Clean and Wholesome Groceries

delivered at your door. Phone No. 303  
C. S. ALDRICH, Ada, Okla.

## Two Rugs Given Away

\$3. and \$5 Rugs

Any one who will read the ad. below to the greatest number of people, securing his or her name and postoffice in their own hand writing as evidence they did listen to the reading; number each name beginning at one and go up. No one entitled to a prize who has less than thirty-five (35) names. Deliver to Ada Furniture and Coffin Co., in Ada, Okla., by May 2 at 12 o'clock, will get first choice of rugs and second greatest number will get second choice. Will be delivered same day at store.

### SEE THEM IN OUR SHOW WINDOW.

These rugs are given away as a compensation to invite you to visit our store and see our beautiful line of floor coverings, etc. We have a full line of Axminster, Brussels and Engrain, 9x12 Art Squares. Six to Twenty-five Dollars. The designs are excellent, fast, rich and beautiful combination colors, price, texture or weave unexcelled. They are swung on a rug rack so you may give them your full inspection. Our roll carpet runs from 35c to 80c per yard. The two ply is the very best of that grade, all wool and a beautiful pattern. Remember we loose the waste, when we match and have it sewed for 3c per yard extra. We will order anything not in stock at once from sample patterns. Our matting consists of China and Jap, different figures, stripes and colors. Price 18c to 40c per yard. First order of 20 rolls for spring nearly out, second order in transit. Price and quality talk. We have linoleum floor oil cloth and carpet paper in stock. We will be pleased to have you call, thoroughly inspect our goods, prices and terms.

Ada Furniture & Coffin Co  
Haupt and Jackson, Props

WE FIT THE



**CHAPMAN**  
THE SHOE MAN



# Talk of New York

Gossip of People and Events Told in Interesting Manner.

## Wealthy Widow Seeks Re-Press Agent



NEW YORK.—Mrs. George Law, the young and wealthy widow who has the unique distinction of being accounted a beauty according to the standards of London, Paris and New York, is the first society woman to start a crusade against publicity. The central figure of stories ranging from the latest fad to the newest suitor, Mrs. Law has revolted.

Mrs. Law desired a "re-press" agent, and to the young woman whom she believed equipped to carry out her requirements offered \$2,500 a year.

The beauty, who has been harassed by the constant attention attracted by her grace and dash ever since 1891, when at 18 she became the bride of 50-year-old George Law, was about a year and a half ago the guest of the Reggie Vanderbilts at Sandy Point farm. Mrs. Vanderbilt fell ill, and Mrs. Law's devotion to her friend in the sick room, followed by the breaking of her own health, caused an enormous increase in the mention of her name. She had regarded the record of her social doings as one of the penalties that all society folk must undergo, but what touched her more personal feelings became intensely disagreeable.

It was then that she began her search for her "re-press" agent. It

had been well known that the anecdotes from Paris, where Mrs. Law's hospitality in the Avenue d'Antin had a tremendous vogue, had seriously troubled the petite beauty. Her reported engagements were among these, the Maharajah of Kapurthala being announced as one of the favored, among whom were Craig Wadsworth and Norman Whitehouse, not to mention an Egyptian khedive, a French count and an Austrian prince.

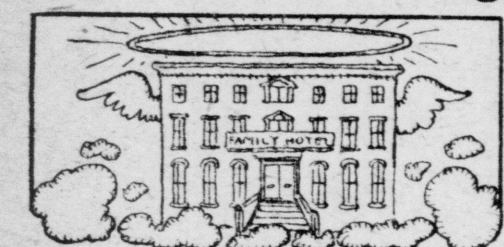
Then there was the account of her love affair with Gerald Lefevre Pontalis, a son of the president of the French Cable company, who was credited with jilting her.

Mrs. Law's pertinacity in the suppression of all details of her plans has succeeded. The young woman to whom she first offered \$2,500 for this delicate office was unable to accept the position, but from the moment of her return from her American trip it has been noticeable that the descriptions of Mrs. Law's gowns and entertainments, her friends and her pets, her daring escapades and her many lovers, have grown less and less.

Mrs. Law's friends still see her, but the mere fact that she has been in New York since last October, a guest at the Hotel Manhattan, and that her presence has passed practically unnoticed is a potent sign of the times.

Other society women are said to be seriously considering Mrs. Law's course. Mrs. Fish is one of several who have from time to time sought greater retirement, but, being so well known to the public, rumor, authentic and otherwise, has kept her persistently in the foreground.

## Hotel Where Rigorous Rules Prevail



IN the midst of New York's district of trade and traffic—near Astor place—is a "family hotel," managed by a woman, that has finer and subtler distinctions than any mere man in the business can ever hope to attain.

For more than 60 years this hotel has been in the hands of one family, the present owner being the third generation to entertain patrons of the highest social standing.

All the furnishings speak of gentility and the fine points of decorum. The pictures are prints of famous cathedrals and buildings of antiquity. This is most seemly, as here many famous divines and bishops of the Episcopal church stay during convocations and important church gatherings.

The halls have marble floors, and in the parlors are chairs and settees of solid rosewood and mahogany, family possessions of more than a century. A silver stand for cards takes the place of the combouret. Gas is used

## Fred T. Martin, New Leader of the 400



STAGE manager for the 400 practically covers the responsibility of Frederick Townsend Martin, upon whose shoulders the mantle of the late Ward McAllister has fallen as the new ruler in society.

The job isn't what it used to be. McAllister was the only real simon pure "ruler" the 400 has ever acknowledged. For a time the antics of Harry Lehr were amusing, and some of his innovations became temporary fads. His best efforts, however, amounted to little more than buffoonery.

Martin, the new leader, has arranged several rather elaborate en-

## Turkish Bath Luncheon Now the Latest



A NUMBER of the smart set pulled off a stunt the other day that will make monkey dinners and Teddy bear teas take to the tall timbers. It was a Turkish bath luncheon. Mrs. E. Sankey Jones, the well-known clubwoman, started the fad by inviting 17 presidents of the various women's clubs to come and bathe with her. The scene of the festival was the Hotel Prince George bathrooms, and there in kimonos fair femininity held revel. It was really a very exclusive as well as a novel affair, for the swellest ladies came to the annual washday.

Autos called for each guest and

tainments this season. In one Mrs. Howard Gould participated. In another, more recent, Mrs. James B. Eustis created a mild sensation by appearing as Salmabo with a live python coiled about her neck. In still another Kyrie Bellew and Mme. Nordica appeared.

McAllister was exclusive and autocratic in the extreme. Martin is more democratic. He has displayed a rare tact in bringing talent and society together on at least speaking terms. And the 400 enjoys the novelty of it all.

Martin is independently wealthy. Heretofore his chief claim to distinction was his being a brother-in-law of Mrs. Bradley-Martin, who gave a ball several years ago which became the talk of two continents.

In New York he resides at the Plaza hotel. Usually he spends the winter at Palm Beach. He is a member of the leading New York clubs and of the Marlborough club of London.

brought her to the hotel. Here they quickly disrobed, donned kimonos, and the Turkish bath luncheon was on. The first part of the entertainment provided was the "Swedish movement" avoirdupois cure. Elaborate machinery, whose effect was as of trotting and galloping horses, whirling bicycles or rolling ships at sea, was turned upon the unprotected figures of the guests. Then after immersing in the tub for awhile they assembled in the dining-room, where a dainty luncheon was spread.

But before the fair dames were allowed to eat they were severely lectured on the antipathy of the American woman to a real cleansing bath. The kimonoed guests then sat around and talked of how to be attractive though 40. After the chat the ladies retired to their dressing-rooms and went to sleep. The event was voted the greatest success and is likely to be a fad.

## JOE MILLER

By J. A. LLOYD

Joe Miller, on a summer morn, Near the roadside hoed his corn. His rimless hat exposed a cheek He hadn't shaved for near a week. Whistling, he'd hoe and never stop, As he thought of weeds and growing crop.

He glanced at the hillside near the wood, Where, old and brown, his cabin stood. The whistling ceased; a vague unrest Sprang up beneath his ragged vest. Ann Smith came riding by that way, Driving the deacon's "one-hoss shay." Her fingers decked with many rings, Her head with bangs and other things. She stopped her horse on seeing Joe, And, in a loud voice, cried: "Hello!" "I'm dry's a fish. Can you spare a mug Of water from your little jug?" Joe took his jug from 'neath a board And filled for her an old brown gourd. He blushed as he gave it, and stole a glance

At his tattered shirt and his ragged pants, While through a hole in worn-out shoe His toes stuck out an inch or two. "Thanks!" And her voice had a tender touch; "I didn't think I could drink so much."



She spoke of the grass, of a coming storm, The potato bug and the army-worm. Then Joe forgot his ragged clothes, His rimless hat and projecting toes, And sat on the fence, while a bashful grin

Sat on his features long and thin; While she explained 'twas leap-year then, And women might make love to men. How a husband she would like to find, One who'd be good and true and kind; One who would work and well provide For a woman's wants and a woman's pride.

"You know I am not old," said she; "I'm pretty, too, as you can see. You need a wife to bake your bread, To cook, to mend—now will you wed?" Through Joe's anatomy a thrill Of pleasure passed: "Perhaps I will. I hardly know what's best to do; I need a wife and money, too. Your offer I will bear in mind, And if no better one I find, When you call again, if anxious still To have me wed, perhaps I will." The deacon's daughter rode away In an angry mood in the one-hoss shay, And looking back with heart forlorn, She saw Joe Miller hoeing corn. "The ugly thing, with his crownless hat And dirty clothes, all torn at that; Were no other man on this earthly ball I wouldn't have him now at all."

Joe got a wife as time went by, And built a house two stories high, For his wife was rich, but cross and old, And, alas for Joe! a horrid scold. No children came toadden strife Or bring a sunshine to his life. Oft by his firelight poor Joe Would watch a picture come and go. Again Ann Smith on leap-year day Drove by in the deacon's one-hoss shay.



Once more he hears a sweet voice say: "Will you wed me, Joe, some happy day?"

He closed his eyes and gave a groan To think the chance away he'd thrown. "If I had not said, on that fatal day, 'Perhaps I will' when she rode away, It fills my heart with sorrow still, That I did not say: 'Of course I will.' And poor Joe sighed with secret pain While wishing he were free again. Ann married a blacksmith, people say, To show her spite at Joe's delay. She chose the plan of Roosevelt, For a dozen kids in her cabin dwelt. And off as she rode in the one-hoss shay She thought of that fatal leap-year day. She saw Joe Miller sitting still, And heard the words: "Perhaps I will." Alas for the maid! Alas for Joe! That cruel Fate should serve them so. Oh, pity them both, and pity them all, Whom marriage bonds do thus enthrall. For of all sad words of tongue or quill, The saddest are these: "Perhaps I will." Ah, well, with them all a fond hope stays Deeply buried from human gaze. A divorce at last may bring them weal, With it a chance for a "square deal."

## HERE'S REAL GOOD SAMARITAN.

Looks After the Undeserving Poor— Says No One Else Will.

There is a rich man in a southern city who makes the undeserving poor his peculiar care, says the Independent.

His methods in dealing with what he calls a fresh sinner are unique, and he regards them as scientific from the heavenly point of view. He insists upon a full catalogue of the victim's transgressions.

He claims that this is done on the theory that a physician first administers an emetic in case of poisoning. Then if the patient is an utterly lost and abandoned woman he frequently takes her home with him, where she is quartered in the guest chamber and treated by the family as the welcome guest whose presence there is in no ways remarkable.

For our scientist claims that it is the loss of the sacred home consciousness in such women which casts them so far down, and his purpose is to restore the same by his own fireside, which is particularly attractive in that he has a wife and many young children. Nothing is said to the forlorn one to remind her of her shame; she is simply left to get well, as the scientist expresses it.

And it is astonishing how many of them do get well. His boast is that he has married his girls happily all over the country, for he is an enthusiastic believer in wedlock. Upon a recent visit to a distant city he remarked to the editor:

"I married one of my girls off in this town; couple doing well; moving in the best society. Good as the rest, too, now. But it's a secret; if society knew it would abolish her." He winked in conclusion, at the expense of society.

He cannot make a speech, but he is an eloquent sputterer; and although his manner to ministers is wittily deferential, he has been known to ruin a preacher's meeting and make the victims of his burning incoherence look like rows of paper dolls blown before the breath of a living man disciple.

## Romans in Scotland.

Recent discoveries in the neighborhood of Edinburgh and as far north as the comings of Perth and Inverness shires are exciting among Scotchmen an unprecedented interest in the Roman occupation. Accumulating evidence that it took a far more solid hold than is currently supposed has stimulated the exertions of the Scottish antiquaries and resulted in an appeal for funds to which public generosity is not slow in responding. Interest is guided and stimulated by what may truly be called the Roman museum, now open to inspection in the rooms of the antiquaries, on the ground floor of the national portrait gallery in Edinburgh. There may be seen the surprisingly rich bronze helmet and the remarkably beautiful iron tilting helmet, or mask, recently unearthed at Newstead, being within a mile of Melrose Abbey. If the trips of tourists were not such cut-and-dried affairs, visitors to Abbotsford, Dryburgh and Melrose might easily include in their purview the Roman camp and Roman baths which James Curle has there brought to light—the bath is now in process of excavation. Besides the helmets, Mr. Curle has found vases in bronze, helmets, swords and axes, which, along with plentiful shards of Samian and other ware, suggest that Newstead was a very solid and firmly rooted outpost.

## Black Bear a Thief.

The black bear of the north is a roving animal, continually shifting from one place to another at all seasons except the few months in which he curls up and lies dormant like the woodchuck. The bear seems instinctively to know where to go to find blackberries, beech nuts, succulent roots and other food in which it delights. The bear roots up the ground under beech trees, much as a hog would, in search for beech nuts.

The bear discovers where the chipmunks and squirrels have stored nuts in the ground for the winter supply and robs their storehouse. We are told that bears break into the pigpens of pioneers, carrying off pigs. I have never known of such attacks, but I have known them to attack beehives with impunity for the honey which they relish.

I have heard of bears attracted to telegraph poles by the humming of the wires, thinking that they were in the vicinity of a beehive.—Forest and Stream.

## Millionaire Weds Shepherdess.

Herr Theodore Schlumberger, a German millionaire deputy, has just been married to a young and beautiful shepherdess whom he met tending her flocks near Basle. After a short acquaintance he proposed. His son by his first marriage intervened, and offered the shepherdess \$95,000 to break the engagement, but she refused. His fortune is estimated at \$19,000,000. The father of the bride is a postman.

## Documentary Evidence.

Her Mother—I should rather you would not go sailing with that young man, Clara; I don't believe he knows a thing about a sailboat.

Clara—Oh, but he does, mamma; he showed me a letter of recommendation from a New York firm he used to work for, and they speak very highly of his salesmanship.—The Circle.

## THE OLD LADIES' ENTERTAINMENT

By DELLA THOMPSON LUTES

(Copyright.)

"It's just dear of you to go, Miss Radford, and you, too, Miss Lockwood." Miss Fancesca Vancouver, in the private parlor of Miss Alicia Radford, violinist, soloist and vaudeville star, Hotel du Nord, rose from the satin-tapestried chair and drew her slipping furs up over her shoulders. "The poor old creatures have so few treats, you know," Miss Radford and Miss Lockwood, pianist and accompanist, rose also, and looked their sympathy.

"I think it's good of you, Miss Vancouver, to go to so much trouble in preparing a treat for them. And what shall we play?" asked Miss Radford, moving toward the door with their guest.

"Oh, something good, you know. Something classical and—er—religious, I suppose. That's the kind of music old ladies generally like, isn't it? They're all real old, you know, and ill, some of them, and they've really seen better days, poor things, and will appreciate good music."

"Then I'll say you'll come directly the afternoon's performance is over," she said. "It's so good of you; I hardly dared dream you'd come. Two such famous performers!"

"It's not so long since we were infamous performers," laughed Miss Lockwood, "and, anyway, we're always glad to do anything of the sort. You'll let them know."

"I'll go straight there now. It will be their dinner hour and I'll tell them to assemble in the parlor at—is it four o'clock?"

"That will do nicely."

"I shan't be able to be there myself at that hour, and I'm awfully sorry, for I'd love to hear you, but I've an engagement a week old for four. You won't mind? The matron will take care of you."

Four o'clock found half a dozen old ladies, out of a membership of 50, gathered in the big parlor of the home.

"Where's Mrs. Brainerd?" asked one. "She's generally the first down when anything's going on."

"She said," volunteered another quavering voice, "that she wasn't coming. She said they always sang and played the same old things, and she's tired of them."

Another, leaning upon a crutch, paused in the doorway and looked in. "I had half a mind," she said, "not to come down the stairs for it. I thought, though, being they're from the stage maybe they'd play something a little different."

The matron passed along an upper hall and, noting the many occupants of rooms who were not taking advantage of the invitation, asked the reason.

"We'll hear all we want up here," one informed her. "It's sure to be 'high-class' music, such as Miss Vancouver considers good for the comfort and elevation of our old souls, and I, for one, can hear all I want from here." Others voiced the same opinion in different manners, and when, punctual to the minute, the Misses Radford and Lockwood appeared with music roll and violin box, but few more than the original half-dozen met them.

"The Angels' Serenade," most soulfully and exquisitely executed by Miss Alicia Radford, opened the program, and while up-stairs one old head nodded to another as if to say, "I told you so," and here and there a door was closed, not too quietly, the parlor audience greeted the finale with polite if mild enthusiasm. The "Holy City" and "Jerusalem" followed, and their conclusion found three out of eight asleep.

The Miserere from Il Trovatore awoke the slumberers, and the piercing sweetness of its wail drew tears from eyes whose brilliancy had long since been washed away. Poor old Anna Fanning, weak of intellect and gentle of heart, crept to a stool in the hall and sat wiping her eyes with her apron and sobbing softly.

"For heaven's sake, let's play something more lively," whispered Miss Radford to her accompanist, and broke into a gay little mazurka which, to her relief, had the effect of dispelling, to some extent, the gloom, and moved old Anna Fanning to hitch her stool a step nearer the door.

"Is there anything in particular you'd like us to play?" asked Miss Radford, gently, when the mazurka was finished. For a few moments no one spoke, and then one, more rotund of body and brighter of eye than the others, ventured her desire.

"Do you—can you—play Hiawatha?" she asked timidly.

The girls looked at one another and smiled. Hiawatha was a bit old and not exactly in their line, but they could play it. They were also, to tell the truth, somewhat amazed. They had not been led to suppose that the old ladies of the Vancouver home were acquainted with, or had a taste for popular music.

However, they played Hiawatha, and played it with a vim and spirit that brought a faint flush to the still rounded cheek of the old lady who had proffered the request, and caught the slipped toe of another softly beating time beneath the faded hem of her gown. At the final happy and lightsome chords of the gay little fo-

termezzo there were a dozen old ladies where there had been eight. A clapping of hands, also, rewarded the efforts of the artists.

"That was beautiful," breathed the admirer of Hiawatha, happily; "I could listen to that all night."

"You don't know 'What You Gwine to Do When the Rent Comes Round?' do you?" timidly inquired a particularly saint-like old soul, leaning feebly forward from her rocker, emboldened by the success of her predecessor. The vaudeville artists laughed aloud. They were beginning to get some fun out of it, too.

"I should say we did," replied Miss Radford heartily, and "Rufus Rastus" brought more than one crocheted slipper to beating time to his irresistible rhythm. From every corridor came gentle creaking of doors, and down the stairs came softly trooping a steady line of the lame, the halt and the blind.

When Rufus Rastus was finished there were not half chairs to accommodate the eager and enthusiastic audience. Poor old Anna Fanning had left off her weeping and stood a little back from the open door, stepping lightly back and forth to the music and humming to herself.

"I don't suppose you—could—sing something kind of—lively, could you?" The questioner was bowed and crip-



"He Certainly Was Good to Me."

pled and old. Her face was drawn with grief and her eyes were faded with weeping, but her heart bespoke the immortality of youth.

The girls looked at each other, flushed and laughing. This program was certainly different from what they had expected.

"Singing rag-time," said Miss Radford, "isn't exactly my style (how I wish we had Jim Mewlett here)," she interpolated to her friend, "but I guess—" She whispered a few words to Miss Lockwood, who, nodding and laughing, swung her fingers off to the jolliest, catchiest bit of rag-time they could remember.

Miss Radford laid her violin and her dignity both on top of the piano and, assuming a coquettish, cake-walk air, trotted out in a voice that, to the hungry ears before her, rivaled any Melba or Eames, "He Certainly Was Good to Me."

There were 40 eager listeners now where had been eight, and the other ten were leaning on their elbows, with heads propped up and ears strained to catch every blithesome note.

Back and forth prouetted Miss Alicia Radford, violin virtuoso and soloist, and louder and louder grew the applause, while tears again rolled down aged cheeks, but no longer from memories aroused. Never in all their lives had anything so perfectly delicious happened to them.

When at last Miss Radford dropped laughing, panting and disheveled into a chair, and Miss Lockwood turned flushed and laughing also from her stool, an eager and happy throng surrounded them.

"Beautiful," said one voice, its qualities revived as they had not been in years.

"I never enjoyed myself so in all my life," exclaimed another, hobbling on two crutches to lay a wrinkled hand on Miss Radford's shoulder. From every aged face beamed smiles and glances of appreciative delight when finally Miss Radford had bowed her violin and Miss Lockwood had encased her music.

It was supper time when the old ladies returned to the parlor, and as at the sound of the gong they filed haltingly out to the dining room, unbidden smiles lighted the passage and the walls of the dining room echoed gayer laughter and happier conversation than ever their monotonous surfaces had done before.

Until the last light was out and the last aged form had crept away to rest, there came at intervals from unfatched door and from open ward a broken strain, hummed by long unused lips, from "He Certainly Was Good to Me."



OTIS WEAVER  
Writes Fire and Tornado  
Insurance  
In the best companies

# THE EVENING NEWS

M. LEVIN  
New and Secondhand  
FURNITURE

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 5

ADA, OKLAHOMA, MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 27, 1908

NUMBER 22

## SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY

Ladies' 20 button length silk lisle  
gloves, worth \$1.50 per pair, for only  
**\$1.19**

They come in two shades of brown,  
black and white, sizes 6 to 8.

**COX-GREER-M'DONALD CO.**

Cut This Out.

This coupon, properly filled is good for ONE vote in The News' \$1-  
500.00 SUBSCRIPTION CONTEST.

Editor Daily and Weekly News:

I cast ONE VOTE represented in this Coupon in favor of

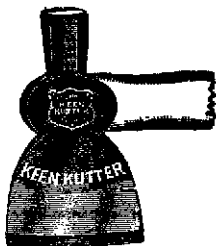
M. . . . . of . . . . . P. O. . . . .

Subscriber.

P. O. . . . .

## The Largest and Best Selected Stock of Hardware in Ada, Oklahoma.

IF QUALITY AND SATIS-  
FACTION IS WANTED YOU  
WILL FIND IT IN THE  
**Keen Kutter**  
LINE.



Washing Machines, Wringers, Heating and  
Cooking Stove--in fact anything in hardware at

**R. E. HAYNES** The Hardware Man  
ADA, OKLA.

**CHIC**

Ask Us

"We deliver the Goods." Telephone 91.

**Gwin, Mays & Co**  
The Ada Druggists

"We run a Drug Store and Nothing More."

## TORNADO VICTIMS NOW NUMBER 300

DEATH LIST FROM STORM SWEEP  
PARTS OF SOUTH NOW PRAC-  
TICALLY COMPLETE.

## MOST OF DEAD ARE NEGROES

Greatest Havoc is Wrought in Vil-  
lages Where Dwellings Were of  
Flimsiest Materials.

Atlanta, Ga., April 26.—The death  
list in the storm of Friday and Sat-  
urday, which swept over the South,  
will reach approximately 350, with  
practically full details from South-  
ern and Eastern Georgia, where the  
wind, rain and lightning did its worst  
work Saturday and late Friday.

Another severe electrical storm  
struck Georgia today, but so far as  
known there were no fatalities and  
little property damage.

The death list in Georgia stands at  
approximately thirty, with a heavy  
loss in farming districts to prop-  
erty. The crop damage is small.

Reports are still coming from  
Northern Alabama, parts of Missis-  
sippi and Louisiana, but the list of  
dead is not materially increased.

With probably 1,200 persons in-  
jured, possibly half a hundred towns  
damaged, the story of ruin is told.  
The communities which suffered  
most were wooden-built villages, the  
majority of them with a compara-  
tively small number of inhabitants.  
Wind caused the greatest havoc, and  
negro residents form the larger por-  
tion of dead and injured.

The totals are:  
Killed, about 350.  
Injured painfully or seriously, 1,  
200.

Homeless, several thousand  
Towns reporting serious wreckage,  
46.

Habitations and business houses  
practically complete ruins in these  
towns, about 2,500.

Reports from 46 Towns in 4 States.

Following is a list by states of  
the forty-six towns reporting more  
or less damage from the storm.

Louisiana—Lucerne, Keumore,  
Richland, Amite, Essie, Pin, Angle,  
Franklin, Sheridan, Avar, En-  
nices, Lamourie, Total 12.

Mississippi—Giles Bend, Purvis,  
Church Hill, Lorman, Tillman, Mel-  
ton, Baxterville, Braxton, Sunflower,  
Waalak, Wingate, Columbus, Wallis,  
Fairchilds Creek, Quitman's Land-  
ing, McLaurin, McCallum, Winches-  
ter, Pine Ridge, Total 19.

Georgia—Columbus, Chupley, La-  
Grange, Harris, Griffin, McDonough,  
Locust Grove, Cedartown, Cave  
Springs, Total 9.

Alabama—High Mound, Albertville  
Hutton, Leesburg, Settlement, Blount  
ville, Total 6.

The four members of the Rayburn  
family reported killed at Baxterville,  
Miss., were not killed, but were in-  
jured, two of them, Robert Rayburn  
and wife, seriously.

The following deaths of white per-  
sons have not previously been re-  
ported:

Melton, Miss, Mr. Potts and wife

## RATES WILL BE PROB- ED THIS WEEK

Reduction of 30 Per Cent May Re-  
sult from Inquiry.

Oklahoma City, April 26.—To take  
testimony in several cases affecting  
transportation rates on lumber, coal,  
wheat, petroleum and other articles  
of commerce, Commissioners Drayton  
and Lamb of the interstate com-  
merce commission at Washington will  
hold a continuous sitting at the  
Chamber of Commerce rooms begin-  
ning Tuesday. Eight causes will be  
up for adjudication, and if all the  
petitions are granted, it is believed  
that tariffs on the various articles  
will be reduced on an average of 30  
to 50 per cent.

Practically all the railroads and  
large petroleum, lumber, coal and  
other shippers are interested in the  
findings of the hearings.

## TULSA CUT-UPS PARALYZE TRADE

BOOMERS STORM CHICAGO BOARD  
OF TRADE, SUSPENDING  
MARKET REPORTS.

## BAND PLAYS INDIAN MUSIC

Business Centers Wire Frantically,  
Without Avail, Until Okla-  
homa's Depart.

Chicago, April 25.—The Tulsa, Ok.,  
Boomers captured the Board of  
Trade today and while they raised  
high Jinks for five minutes paralyzed  
the markets of the world.

One hundred and thirty strong,  
with a brass band in front, the Tul-  
sa Commercial Club entered the por-  
tals of the Board of Trade build-  
ing. The policemen who guards the  
gateway attempted to prevent an  
entrance. He was picked up bodily  
and carried out of the lobby. In the  
midst of the excitement, President  
Hiram N. Eager and Secretary Stone  
of the Board of Trade, appeared, and  
the Oklahomans, headed by Presi-  
dent H. O. McClure and their other  
officials, were led to the trading  
floor.

Before anybody was aware what  
was happening, the band had formed  
into a circle and was giving vent to  
some Indian music that made more  
noise in a minute than the Chicago  
traders could make in an hour.  
Then it was that buying stopped.  
Selling stopped. All the telegraph  
instruments on the floor were drown-  
ed out. The market stood still. Over  
the whole mechanism of the board  
a wave of sudden rest set in.

New York felt the break in the  
usual tension. So did London and  
Paris.

"What's the matter?" New York  
wired.

"Oklahoma arrived," went flashing  
over the wire. Business will be re-  
sumed when Oklahoma goes away."

Speculation in grain and provis-  
ions was at a standstill all over the  
world. From St. Louis, Kansas City,  
New Orleans and Winnipeg came  
frantic messages.

Then the Boomers left the build-  
ing and the world moved on.

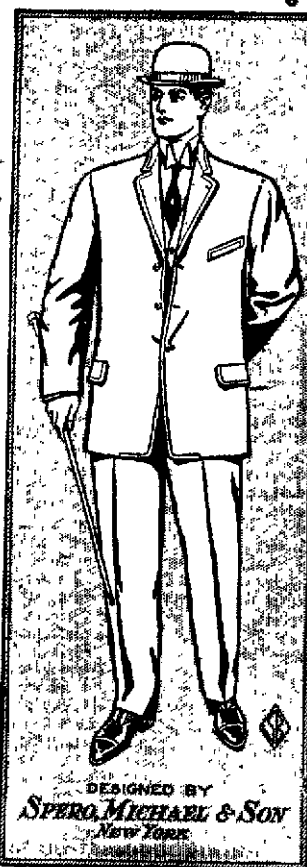
## COMBINE HAS 30 DAYS GRACE.

Believed Oklahoma Has Given Rock  
Island-Frisco That Long to  
Dissolve Merger.

New York, April 26.—Notwith-  
standing the numerous rumors that  
the Rock Island interests have work-  
ed out a complete plan for the dis-  
solution of the merger of the Rock  
Island and the Frisco, at least in  
Oklahoma, it is learned semi-official-  
ly that consideration of the matter  
has only reached the initial stage.  
The state officials recently entered  
into a compromise agreement with  
the officials of the road, and it seems  
that the company still has something  
like thirty days before conforming to  
the Oklahoma requirements.

The governor of Oklahoma was not  
disposed to be radical, as he appear-  
ed to be convinced that the roads  
were exercising their efforts to pro-  
mote the welfare of the state and  
its inhabitants. He was inclined to  
overlook technical questions and not  
interfere with successful methods.  
But it is said that the Attorney gen-  
eral of Oklahoma insisted on enforce-  
ing the laws literally.

From a friend of one of the offi-  
cials of the Rock Island and Frisco  
companies it is learned that a plan  
which has been discussed contem-  
plates the separation legally of the  
controlling interests as well as the  
separation of the operating and  
traffic departments. It is not im-  
possible that one road will be turn-  
ed over to Judge W. H. Moore, an-  
other to D. G. Reid, another to Jas.  
Campbell, and so on. In this way all  
the legal requirements will be com-  
plied with, there would be no hold-  
ing company and each of the roads  
would be separate.



## The Long and Short

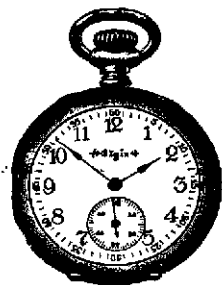
of the clothing subject is that  
our "Spero, Michael & Son"  
suits are "long" on both quality  
and style and "short" on price.  
You pay only for quality—the  
style is an added attraction.  
We don't say much about the  
price for that is the last thing to  
be considered. Once having in-  
spected our style for spring wear  
you will find that they are made  
right at the right price. Men's  
and young men's suits in a wide  
variety of styles, patterns and  
materials

**\$10 to \$20**

Panama hats in many shapes and  
styles from \$6 to \$7.50. You pos-  
sibly can't equal the price for  
less than \$7.50 to \$10.

Bat and ball given free with  
every boy suit.

**I. Harris**



## WATCHES

7 to 21 jewel in all the standard  
makes \$3.50 to \$35.00 each, fitted up  
in filled and solid gold cases \$19.00  
to \$50.00.

Call and let us show you the fa-  
mous South Bend, the best watch on  
earth. Remember we do the best  
watch and jewelry repairing, diamond  
setting and optical work.

**C. J. WARRAN & CO.,**  
Next door to First National Bank.

## Good Eating

Robert Ellis has purchased the  
**ENGLISH KITCHEN**

and your patronage will be appreciated. Good cook. Cour-  
teous treatment. Give us a trial.

## THE ADA NATIONAL BANK

Condensed report of condition of the

## Ada National Bank

ADA, OKLAHOMA.

as reported to Comptroller of the Currency at the close of business Friday,  
February 14, 1908.

### RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts \$25,016.95  
U. S. Bonds and Premiums 12,759.77  
Banking House Furniture & Fixtures 10,525.00  
Cash, with Banks and  
Advances on Cotton 71,136.87  
\$119,438.60

### LIABILITIES:

Capital Stock 250,000.00  
Surplus and Profits 15,654.79  
Circulation 12,500.00  
Deposits 111,283.58  
141,938.37

The above is correct.

FRANK JONES, Cashier.

## BEST LINE IN ADA

**Wall Paper** LARGEST LINE  
BEST ASSORTMENT  
HONEST PRICES

**INGRAM PAINT COMPANY**

## COMPLETE LINE

Of Watches, Rings, and the famous  
Edison Phonograph

**W. J. BEATY**

Leading Jeweler and Optician  
Fifteen years at the bench. Everything  
guaranteed as represented. Engraving  
a specialty.

Masons Drug Store.

Ada, Okla.





# ORDINANCE NO. 149.

An Ordinance Creating the Office of City Clerk, and Defining the Duties and Salary Thereof.

Be It Ordained by the Mayor and Councilmen of the City of Ada: Section 1. That the office of City Clerk is hereby created in and for the City of Ada, Oklahoma.

Section 2. It shall be the duty of the city clerk to attend all meetings of the council and record its proceedings, keep the proper account books appertaining to his office, record all ordinances of said council in a book to be provided for that purpose, and in connection with the mayor, shall attest the same.

Section 3. He shall also keep and preserve in his office the corporate seal of the city, all records, public papers and documents of the city, not belonging to any other officer of said city.

Section 4. He shall make quarterly reports to the Mayor and council and at such other times as they may require it, and in such report give a detailed statement of all receipts and expenditures of money belonging to said city, and of all debts due to and from the same, and he shall perform all such other duties as may be required of him by the Mayor and council.

Section 5. The city clerk shall not permit any records or documents in his charge to be removed from his office except by some city officer entitled to the use thereof, or for the inspection of the council, and shall take their receipt therefor.

Section 6. The city clerk shall be ex-officio clerk of the Board of Health and shall record the proceedings of said board in a suitable book, sign all notices, keep strict account of all moneys received and expended by said board, and in general perform all duties of a clerk of said board and which may be prescribed by said board.

Section 7. The city clerk, shall, in addition to the duties hereinbefore set out, at all times perform all the duties appertaining to said office as set forth in the laws of the State of Oklahoma, and shall receive an annual salary of \$10 per month, payable in equal monthly installments and in addition thereto, the following fees:

5 per cent of all occupation taxes collected by him, and 5 per cent on all water rents, and 10 per cent on street taxes collected.

Section 8. That the salary and fees hereinbefore set out shall apply and be in force from and after the date of April 10th, A. D. 1908, and that this ordinance shall go into force and effect from and after its passage and approval.

Passed by the council this 24th day of April, 1908.

Approved by the Mayor this the 24th day of April, 1908.

GEO. A. HARRISON, Mayor  
Attest: W. B. JONES, City Clerk  
(Published 27th day of April, 1908.)

# ORDINANCE NO. 150.

An Ordinance Creating the Office of Police Judge, and Defining the Duties and Fixing the Salary Thereof.

Be It Ordained by the Mayor and Councilmen of the City of Ada: Section 1. That the office of Police Judge is hereby established in and for the City of Ada, Oklahoma.

Section 2.—That the said Police Judge shall have all the powers and jurisdiction as set forth in the statutes of the State of Oklahoma, and that he shall perform all the duties appertaining to said office, as set forth therein.

Section 3. That in addition to the foregoing duties, he shall hold court in the city hall, or some other place such as the city council may designate, every day (Sundays excepted), beginning at 8:30 a. m. and continuing through the day until such business appearing on the docket of said police court shall be disposed of, or until 6 o'clock p. m.

Section 4. That the said police judge shall receive a monthly salary of Ten Dollars per month and fees as follows: Provided the city shall not be responsible for any fee.

On pleas of guilty in police court \$3.00.  
On convictions in police court, \$3.50  
And in addition he shall receive the same fees as are allowed justices of the peace for like services.

Section 4. That this ordinance shall go into force and effect from and after its passage and approval.

Passed by the council this the 22nd day of April, A. D. 1908.

Approved by the Mayor, this day of April, A. D. 1908.

GEO. A. HARRISON, Mayor.  
Attest: W. B. JONES, City Clerk.  
(Published 27th day of April, 1908.)

## The Vanishing Fleets

By ROY NORTON

By night and day, he traversed the continent, and at last entered the gateway of the northwest, where so many of his countrymen had resided prior to the outbreak of hostilities, but where now he might claim neither friends nor sympathizers. Here indeed was a No Man's Land where none extended a welcome. From then on he must depend entirely on his own resources, and he understood perfectly well that he was nearing a hard finish of a long race. He lost no time in making a start.

Under the pretext of going to a camp where he was to cook he induced a launch that was starting out toward the mouth of Puget sound to take him aboard as a passenger and land him at its journey's end a short distance from Port Townsend. He was dropped off late in the evening at a tiny landing, and later saw the little boat speed back toward Seattle. He was without food save such as had been given him, and tightened the belt beneath his Chinese garb in anticipation of a hard trip. Unused to the rougher life, he made painful progress, and nothing saved his desperation enabled him to traverse the primitive strip between him and the city. Footsore and dependent, he forged doggedly ahead, until at last by sheer will power alone he gained the outskirts of the port. Its wooden wharf was deserted, and many of the houses were closed and vacant, the fear of Japanese shells and government weakness having driven the more prosperous inhabitants away.

Thoroughly worn out, he waited until night fell, then crawled into a coal shed and slept as only the worn and weary can sleep. He rose refreshed at daylight because he had gained his rest without accident, hunger being his only immediate discomfort. In his depleted store cloth he extracted the smallest coin, bent on his food before the city was awake.

He made his way down the hillside to the business section without attracting attention, and entered the doorway of a grocery store, where a sleepy-looking youth was sweeping away the previous day's waste. In broken English he made known his wants, and then, finding the salesman apparently friendly and stupid, lost some of his native caution and began to ask questions regarding the watch kept along the frontier. At his first query the boy looked at him slyly; but after a moment's hesitation fell in and answered everything readily, assuring him, however, that it would be difficult for any living thing to get past the soldiers who kept watch and ward over the boundary line.

Elated by the apparent ease with which he had secured provisions, he again retreated toward the edge of the city, mentally formulating plans for stealing a boat when night came, and by this means to make his way to Vancouver, where he would be on British soil. Had he looked back he would have seen that the boy, broom in hand, watched him with an assumption of mere idle interest for a moment only, then hurriedly threw off his apron, banged the door shut and ran as fast as his legs would carry him to a big building farther down the street. It was where the officials of the port held forth. The alarm had been given!

Seigo rested in a thicket at the edge of a forest and partook of a leisurely breakfast, laughing merrily while at the dullness of the Americans and the boy in particular. He regretted the loss of his handkerchief, which he feared must have been dropped in the grocery store, but smiled at the thought of being within so few miles of a refuge where others might be sought and where he could find ease and comfort.

From back of him a deep bellowing sound came faintly through the trees, and he wondered what the unusual noise could be. He rose to his feet, still holding a remnant of food in his hand, and waited for a repetition of the noise, which, borne on the breeze, was heard more sharply. Only once before had he ever known that same sullen bay, and then it was when as a visitor in a southern village he had seen a pack of hounds followed by excited men pass him in quest of a negro criminal. His memory barked back to that time, and his hair raised itself in terror. He threw away his food and dashed madly into the woods, seeking to escape that menacing undertone which his consciousness told him could have but one quarry. He knew in an instant that the boy had betrayed him, and that he, Count Seigo, a nobleman of Japan and descendant of the Samurai, was being hunted by dogs like a wild beast of the woods.

For a few minutes he ran in a panic, taking no heed of direction, and bent only on gaining time to think, and putting space between him and his pursuers. A tangle of undergrowth compelled him to stop and seek for avenues through the wilderness. He ran down what seemed an old deserted road; but on neither side could he find a place favoring a change of course. He was doubling back along the side of a triangle, and was so close at one time to the hounds that he momentarily expected them to break cover,

drop the scent afforded by the handkerchief and cut across to where he was. He could ever distinguish the shouts of the men behind, continually encouraging the animals in the chase, and heard one exclaim: "It's the Jap, all right, or he wouldn't have lit out so quick!"

His teeth came together with a click at this confirmation of his suspicions, and now he realized that wherever an officer of the law was posted warning had been given of his coming. He swore that he would yet escape, and urged himself in the name of his country to rush ahead; and thus for many minutes the fate of Japan rested on a race between bloodhounds and a fugitive who tore headlong through the undergrowth, careless of thorns which reached out and scarred his face, ripped the false queue from his short cropped bristling hair and rent his clothing.

Once, blinded with perspiration, he plunged into what appeared to be a pathway; but fell through a tangle at the end, to find himself beside a wayside spring. He gulped three or four swallows of water and retraced his steps, cursing fate for the loss of time, and ran with renewed energy down the roadway. A flash of reflected light smote him in the eyes, and he saw that he had reached the water's edge. At his feet stretched only tossing waves, and like a stag at bay he was driven to the open.

The end seemed very near now; for back of him the harsh clamorings broke out into a triumphal wailing note telling those behind that the quarry had been sighted. The hounds were coming on the run, and round the bend of the road emerged an excited but grimly determined lot of men of that stamp which makes a frontier, set jawed, lean visaged, and running with the long, loping stride of those accustomed to sustained violent exertion.

Seigo, distracted and desperate, took a few steps in either direction, uncertain which way to turn, and then discovered but a short distance below a boat in which lay a pair of oars. It was the only way to gain a moment's respite from those great brutes which, with bellies low to the ground, with lolling jaws and flaming eyes, whose red he could discern, were closing in on him. He made three or four frantic leaps and threw himself into the craft, shoving it off almost as the animals were upon him, and then with maniacal energy threw the oars into the locks and bent himself double pulling against them. Even then at the last he experienced one brief moment of exultation as he heard the swish of parted waters against the bow and saw the space widening between him and the beach on which stood his baffled pursuers. He saw the men halt on the shingle and heard them shouting to him; but never ceased pulling, hoping and half believing that he could put himself beyond range. It was Seigo against them all now, and he began to glow with triumph, not knowing the character of those men of the west who still gave him a chance for his life. Drunk with excitement, he shouted back a taunt in his own tongue.



Two of the Men on the Beach Kneel Down and Aimed Their Rifles.

Two of the men on the beach knelt down and aimed their rifles calmly and steadily at that moving target which was drawing away. They were as cool as they would have been if covering a grazing deer in the hills. The rising sun made of the Japanese a fair mark, lighting up even at that distance his sneering face. There were two quick puffs of smoke, which rose simultaneously into the air and floated away in little wisps, two short sharp reports, and Seigo sprang to his feet, dropped his hold on the oars, and clutched his breast in agony, whirled round in his wildly bobbing craft, and then slowly pitched forward and over into the waters of the sound, his days of effort terminated in defeat and his mission at an end.

(Continued)

## Your Uncle Sam

Keeps his eagle eye on us to see that we are always in condition to Protect Depositors.

The laws of the United States by which we are regulated makes this Bank an attractive place to keep your account.

Conservative management and courteous officers make it a pleasure to deal with

## The First National Bank

W. L. REED, President. C. H. RIVES, Vice President. M. D. TIMBERLAKE, Cashier.

## Go to The Racket Store

For new Goods. You always get a square deal. We keep the prices down

C.P. Richardson, Prop.

First door west of Chapman's Shoe Store

The human body is composed principally of Water. Therefore you should drink pure water

## Ada Artesian Water

Chemically Pure

"I recommend this as an ideal table water." — V. G. Shinkle, City Chemist, Okla. City

"It is a good water in every respect." — G. L. Halter, Chemist, A & M College Stillwater, Okla.

## Telephone Mr. Hughes

Number 319

Beginning Monday Night  
**The Airdome**  
Opens for Everynight Shows  
Monday Evening. Moving Pictures and a change every night  
Lake Reynolds ALPINE YODLER Imitator and German comedians, featuring Mat Keef's famous cradle song

## "Sleep Baby Sleep"

A PLACE TO GO EVERY NIGHT

Grand Popular Prices. Admission 10 and 15c

## JUST ONE LITTLE SPOT

The spot in the center of this space bears the same relation to the size of the space as

the spot where the wheat grows from which WAPCO FLOUR is made bears to the size of the earth

JUST ONE, LITTLE SPOT

## LEADING PROFESSIONAL MEN

CRAWFORD & BOLEN  
Attorneys-at-Law.

Citizens' Nat'l. Bank - - Ada.

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Office Henley and Bliss building.

H. M. FURMAN  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Will do a general Civil and Criminal Practice.  
Office in Duncan Building

LIGON & KING,

Physicians and Surgeons.

Office in First National Bank Bldg.

HOME ABSTRACT AND REAL ESTATE COMPANY.

General Abstract, Loan and Real Estate Business. Agents American Surety Company.

Office, Conn-Little Bldg. Ada, Okla.

C. A. Galbraith Tom D. McKeown,

GALBRAITH & McKEOWN

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Office phone 57 Residence 243

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DENTIST.

Ada National Bank Bldg. Ada, Okla.  
Phone 265.

DR. B. H. EBB,  
DENTIST.

Rooms 1, 2 and 3 First Nat'l. Bank Bldg.  
Phone No. 212.

DR. L. M. DOSS,  
Dentist,

Oklahoma City, Okla.  
Office Cor. Main and Broadway.

## ADA STEAM LAUNDRY CO.

Is given up to be best. Do

Largest Agency Work

of any plant in the Territory.

The Old

## O. K. MEAT MARKET

is now conducted by Wright Bros. the old-time meat market men of Ada, who will be pleased to meet all their old time customers. Fresh and cured meats, Pure home rendered hog lard. Come in and see us. - Courteous treatment. Freshest of meats.

WRIGHT BROS.

Pain, anywhere, can be quickly stopped by one of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. Pain always means congestion—unnatural blood pressure. Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets simply coax congested blood away from pain centers. These Tablets—known by druggists as Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets—simply equalize the blood circulation and then pain always departs in 20 minutes. 20 Tablets 25 cents. Write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., for free package. Sold by G. M. Ramsey.



# Don't Put Off Too Long

The buying of that

## Spring Matting

We have only a few pieces left of our big stock, and judging from the fast selling of the last few days the present stock will not last long.

22½c Matting - 19c  
25c Matting - 20c  
30 and 35c Matting 25c

*Shopples*

DRY GOODS and GROCERIES

## PERSONAL COLUMN

E L Steed returned to Tapelo today

Attorney Rowland is here from Rock

Try the Gold Medal fish and oyster market. Phone 37

Jap Copeland of Center is in Ada today

Mrs Van Horn sells Spirella Corsets Phone 116

Dr J W Wumbish returned to Stonewall today

Walsh handles the celebrated Louis Brand of groceries Phone 17

Dr Cox and wife came in from Tyrola today

Lawn mowers from \$2.50 up McRae-Whitesides Co

Geo W Cox and family returned to Stonewall

T B Kile & Sons baggage, buses and transfer meet all trains day and night. Phone 31

J P Lockwood an attorney of Sulphur is in the city on legal business

The Louis Brand of groceries are in great demand Walsh has them. Phone 17

M D Steiner spent Sunday in the city and left on the Katy for Coalgate, Atoka, etc

Gasoline stoves and ranges McRae-Whitesides Co

Substantial improvements and repairs are being made on the Chapman hotel

See our hot plate gasoline stove McRae-Whitesides Co

H Woodard of Konawa came through Ada today via Katy en route to Mt Vernon, Tex

High wheel and low wheel ball bearing lawn mowers McRae-Whitesides Co

The Dr Breco case was called up this morning and was set for a later date

## J. E. BILLS DIES.

Respected by All the Citizens, Beloved by His Friends and Idolized by His Relatives.

Mr J E Bills died Sunday evening April 28th, at his home on East Main street

Only the previous Sunday, the sad writer of this obituary of a beloved citizen of Ada, sat with him at his hospitable and happy home and talked together joyously of the prospects for the future

The deceased was stricken a few days ago with acute progressive paralysis, the dread disease first attacking him in his feet and lower limbs slowly and unrelentingly day by day this death claiming dragon penetrated further into his life's vitals, until last evening when his heart and throat were laid siege, he succumbed

A careful, truthful character sketch of the life of J E Bills as his close friends have known him for many years and a description of the brave, heroic conduct of him, who until so lately had been such a vigorous, strong man during his short illness, when he was conscious of approaching death, could not other than deeply impress all who became informed that in the thought of his life and death there was ample reach for inspiration which might acquire for all of us higher ennobling conceptions of the philosophy and righteousness of entire unselfishness in this human life

Mr Bills was respected and admired by all the citizens who knew him All of his associates held a genuine affection for him and his family and relatives idolized him, the latter knew the greatness and gentleness of heart and nature He lived for his family and loved ones

It has been remarked about Mr Bills that in the consideration of the natural consequences of man's position before his fellow citizens, that undoubtedly no man so much as he had even a personality and a force of character which would award him so many and enduring friends without the accompanying penalty of a compliment of enemies Mr Bills had no enemies only friends He was conscious until his death A little while before he died he called for a conference with his banker Tom Hope and business associate George Frierson His mind was at perfect ease He had suggested that his children should stay near his bedside His doctors and friends would answer his interrogation as to the probable approach of death very guardedly The thought of death did not alarm him It appeared that his regard for the feelings of his dear ones only deterred him from discussing its near approach When some of his friends suggested that he would recover, he asked one of them in his old hearty jolly way, 'What does old Lig think does he believe I am going to cloak?' He was referring to his old and strong friend and physician Dr Ligon

At the Bills home there are assembled today a large number of grief-stricken relatives and friends The relatives present are brothers Charlie Bills of this city N O Bills of Tulsa and Walter Fulton of Sherman cousins Charlie and William Bills of Paris sisters, Misses Sallie, Jervis, Edna and Vera Fulton and Mr and Mrs Fulton of Sherman Friends present from a distance are Messrs Dave Cole of Sherman and R M Holcomb of Oklahoma City, old banker friends, together with their families

The deceased is survived by his wife, Mrs Melissa Bills and little daughters, Loma Eunice and Jervis He was a consistent member of the Christian church where funeral services will be held this evening at 5 o'clock Interment will take place at Rosedale

## Close.

The business houses of Ada will close this afternoon as an award of respect during the J E Bills funeral services

That languid, lifeless feeling that comes with spring and early summer, can be quickly changed to a feeling of buoyancy and energy by the judicious use of Dr Shoop's Restorative The Restorative is a genuine tonic to tired, run-down nerves, and but a few doses is needed to satisfy the user that Dr Shoop's Restorative is actually reaching that tired spot The indoor life of winter nearly always leads to sluggish bowels, and to sluggish circulation in general The customary lack of exercise and outdoor air ties up the liver, stagnates the kidneys, and oft-times weakens the heart's action. Use Dr Shoop's Restorative a few weeks and all will be changed. A few days test will tell you that you are using the right remedy You will easily and surely note the change from day to day Sold by G. M. Ramsey.

## COLD SODA

We use the best in all our drinks; artesia water in them all.

# The Water that Made Ada Famous

And Jones he pays the freight

## J. E. JONES DRUG COMPANY

The Leading Druggists

## Brave Woman.

There is extreme gratification by those acquainted with the home life of the Bills, that the noble little wife of the deceased is bearing her great affliction so bravely Indeed, the hearts of the friends of the family bemoan with the family the great bereavement of this newly widowed woman, and her sisters and the little children

Weak women get prompt and lasting help by using Dr Shoop's Night Cure These soothing, healing, antiseptic suppositories, with full information how to proceed are interestingly told in my book "No 4 For Women" The book and strictly confidential medical advice is entirely free Simply write Dr Shoop, Racine, Wis. for my book No 4 Sold by G M Ramsey

## COAL LAND.

Congress May Agree for the State to Buy from 'Chicks and Chocks.'

Washington, D C, April 27—An amendment authorizing Oklahoma to enter into negotiations with the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations for the purchase of segregated coal lands was today agreed to by the senate committee on Indian affairs and made part of the removal of restrictions bill

Owing to the great number of amendments submitted, the committee adjourned over until Tuesday when the bill will probably be reported to the senate Indications are that the senate bill will be far less liberal than the house measure and that a compromise will be necessary before any remedial legislation can be expected



## Have a Good Cigar.

They don't cost you any more than some of the bad ones that you have been trying to smoke, and couldn't. We sell the celebrated "Abacco" cigar for 5c, the price is all that distinguishes it from a 10c cigar. It will only cost you a nickel to testify to the truthfulness of the above. Suppose you make an investment of 5c and see. We also sell other cigars, smoking and chewing tobacco.

## G. M. Ramsey

THE PURE DRUG DRUGGIST.

"We Deliver the Goods"

Piles are easily and quickly checked with Dr Shoop's Magic Ointment To prove it I will mail a small trial box as a convincing test. Simply address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis I surely would not send it free unless I was certain that Dr Shoop's Magic Ointment would stand the test. Remember it is made expressly and alone for swollen painful, bleeding or itching piles either external or internal Large jar 50c Sold by G M Ramsey

## HOW'S THIS.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure F J CHENEY & CO, Toledo, O We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system Testimonials sent free Price 75c per bottle Sold by all druggists Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

G. A. Harrison A. R. Sugg

# Harrison & Sugg

General Real Estate and Insurance Agents. Farm and city property for sale or rent. If you have anything for sale list it with us.

Office: Front of Citizens National Bank  
Ada, Oklahoma

# HOLLEY

Is papering and painting his drug store out of his own material. Come in and see how it shines.

I can fix you up the same way. No music boxes to catch your trade.

## CRESCENT DRUG STORE

Deposits Guaranteed. Every dollar deposited in the Farmers' State Bank is protected by the Deposits Guaranty Fund of Oklahoma. We will appreciate your business

Manzan File Remedy. Price 50c in guaranteed Put up ready to use. One application prompt relief to any form of Piles, Sores and hemorrhoids. Sold by Gwin, Mays & Co

# ECONOMY

Means making the most out of every resource. You are not fully utilizing your resources unless you are using the Long Distance Telephone. It is economic, accurate and instantaneous.

## PIONEER TELEPHONE and TELEGRAPH COMPANY

## Fresh Clean and Wholesome Groceries

delivered at your door. Phone No. 303  
C. S. ALDRICH, Ada, Okla.

## Two Rugs Given Away

\$3 and \$5 Rugs

Any one who will read the ad below to the greatest number of people, securing his or her name and postoffice in their own hand writing as evidence they did listen to the reading; number each name beginning at one and go up No one entitled to a prize who has less than thirty-five (35) names

Deliver to Ada Furniture and Coffin Co, in Ada, Okla., by May 2 at 12 o'clock, will get first choice of rugs and second greatest number will get second choice. Will be delivered same day at store

SEE THEM IN OUR SHOW WINDOW.

These rugs are given away as a compensation to invite you to visit our store and see our beautiful line of floor coverings, etc. We have a full line of Axminster, Brussels and Engrain, 3x15 Art Squares Six to Twenty-five Dollars The designs are excellent, fast, rich and beautiful combination colors, price, texture or weave unexcelled They are swung on a rug rack so you may give them your full inspection

Our roll carpet runs from 35c to 80c per yard. The two ply is the very best of that grade, all wool and a beautiful pattern. Remember we loose the waste, when we match and have it sewed for 3c per yard extra. We will order anything not in stock at once from sample patterns.

Our matting consists of China and Jap, different figures, stripes and colors Price 18c to 40c per yard First order of 20 rolls for spring nearly out, second order in transit. Price and quality talk.

We have linoleum floor oil cloth and carpet paper in stock. We will be pleased, to have you call, thoroughly inspect our goods, prices and terms.

## Ada Furniture & Coffin Co

Haupt and Jackson, Props

# WE FIT THE

# CHAPMAN

## THE SHOE MAN



## Talk of New York

Gossip of People and Events Told in Interesting Manner.

### Wealthy Widow Seeks Re-Press Agent



NEW YORK.—Mrs. George Law, the young and wealthy widow who has the unique distinction of being accounted a beauty according to the standards of London, Paris and New York, is the first society woman to start a crusade against publicity. The central figure of stories ranging from the latest fad to the newest suture, Mrs. Law has revolted.

Mrs. Law desired a "re-press" agent, and to the young woman whom she believed equipped to carry out her requirements offered \$2,500 a year.

The beauty, who has been harassed by the constant attention attracted by her grace and dash ever since 1891, when at 18 she became the bride of 50-year-old George Law, was about a year and a half ago the guest of the Reggie Vanderbilts at Sandy Point farm. Mrs. Vanderbilt fell ill, and Mrs. Law's devotion to her friend in the sick room, followed by the breaking of her own health, caused an enormous increase in the mention of her name. She had regarded the record of her social doings as one of the penalties that all society folk must undergo, but what touched her more personal feelings became intensely disagreeable.

It was then that she began her search for her "re-press" agent. It

had been well known that the anecdotes from Paris, where Mrs. Law's hospitality in the Avenue d'Antin had a tremendous vogue, had seriously troubled the petite beauty. Her reported engagements were among these, the Maharajah of Kapurthala being announced as one of the favored, among whom were Craig Wadsworth and Norman Whitehouse, not to mention an Egyptian khedive, a French count and an Austrian prince.

Then there was the account of her love affair with Gerald Lefevre Pontalis, a son of the president of the French Cable company, who was credited with jilting her.

Mrs. Law's pertinacity in the suppression of all details of her plans has succeeded. The young woman to whom she first offered \$2,500 for this delicate office was unable to accept the position, but from the moment of her return from her American trip it has been noticeable that the descriptions of Mrs. Law's gowns and entertainments, her friends and her pets, her darling escapades and her many lovers, have grown less and less.

Mrs. Law's friends still see her, but the mere fact that she has been in New York since last October, a guest at the Hotel Manhattan, and that her presence has passed practically unnoticed is a potent sign of the times.

Other society women are said to be seriously considering Mrs. Law's course. Mrs. Fish is one of several who have from time to time sought greater retirement, but, being so well known to the public, rumor, authentic and otherwise, has kept her persistently in the foreground.

### Hotel Where Rigorous Rules Prevail



IN the midst of New York's district of trade and traffic—near Astor place—is a "family hotel," managed by a woman, that has finer and subtler distinctions than any mere man in the business can ever hope to attain. For more than 60 years this hotel has been in the hands of one family, the present owner being the third generation to entertain patrons of the highest social standing.

All the furnishings speak of gentility and the fine points of decorum. The pictures are prints of famous cathedrals and buildings of antiquity. This is most seemingly, as here many famous divines and bishops of the Episcopal church stay during convocations and important church gatherings.

The halls have marble floors, and in the parlors are chairs and settees of solid rosewood and mahogany, family possessions of more than a century. A silver stand for cards takes the place of the combouret. Gas is used

for illumination, electricity would be a concession to the cheap haste of the age. For the same reason the telephone does not disturb the restful composure of the establishment.

Dinner is the display time of the day; in the dining-room there is seldom the sparkle of a diamond, but the number of yards of black taffeta that daily sits down to dinner could not be duplicated outside the silk counter of a big store.

The hairdressing is an art at present unknown to Broadway. Of the hundred boarders there are five young women, but not a "rat" or a pompadour appears with their most ambitious toilets. The damsels do not know what Marcel waving means.

Applications for accommodations are rigidly investigated. Respectability is taken for granted. Stability of character is the point most considered. No person given to levity or giddiness of conversation may ever hope to have a favorable response to an application for admission. To all such the answer is that all the rooms are occupied, which is usually a fact. The waiting list is longer than that for membership in a popular club. So careful is the scrutiny of all applicants that a discordant note is never heard. Once admitted to the house it is for life on good behavior.

### Fred T. Martin, New Leader of the 400



STAGE manager for the 400 practically covers the responsibility of Frederick Townsend Martin, upon whose shoulders the mantle of the late Ward McAllister has fallen as the new ruler in society.

The job isn't what it used to be. McAllister was the only real simon pure "ruler" the 400 has ever acknowledged. For a time the antics of Harry Lehr were amusing, and some of his innovations became temporary fads. His best efforts, however, amounted to little more than buffoonery.

Martin, the new leader, has arranged several rather elaborate entertainments this season. In one Mrs. Howard Gould participated. In another, more recent, Mrs. James B. Eustis created a mild sensation by appearing as Salmabo with a live python coiled about her neck. In still another Kyrie Bellew and Mme. Nordica appeared.

McAllister was exclusive and autocratic in the extreme. Martin is more democratic. He has displayed a rare tact in bringing talent and society together on at least speaking terms. And the 400 enjoys the novelty of it all.

Martin is independently wealthy. Heretofore his chief claim to distinction was his being a brother-in-law of Mrs. Bradley-Martin, who gave a ball several years ago which became the talk of two continents.

In New York he resides at the Plaza hotel. Usually he spends the winter at Palm Beach. He is a member of the leading New York clubs and of the Marlborough club of London.

### Turkish Bath Luncheon Now the Latest



A NUMBER of the smart set pulled off a stunt the other day that will make monkey dinners and Teddy bear teas take to the tall timbers. It was a Turkish bath luncheon. Mrs. E. Sankey Jones, the well-known clubwoman, started the fad by inviting 17 presidents of the various women's clubs to come and bathe with her. The scene of the festival was the Hotel Prince George bathrooms, and there in kimonos fair familiarity held revel. It was really a very exclusive as well as novel affair, for the swellest ladies came to the annual washday.

brought her to the hotel. Here they quickly disrobed, donned kimonos, and the Turkish bath luncheon was on. The first part of the entertainment provided was the "Swedish movement" avoirdupois cure. Elaborate machinery, whose effect was as of trotting and galloping horses, whirling bicycles or rolling ships at sea, was turned upon the unprotected figures of the guests. Then after immersing in the tub for awhile they assembled in the dining-room, where a dainty luncheon was spread.

But before the fair dames were allowed to eat they were severely lectured on the antipathy of the American woman to a real cleansing bath. The kimonoed guests then sat around and talked of how to be attractive, though 40. After the chat the ladies retired to their dressing-rooms and went to sleep. The event was voted the greatest success and is likely to be a fad.

## JOE MILLER

By J. A. LLOYD

Joe Miller on a summer morn, Near the roadside toed his corn. His rimless hat exposed a cheek. He hadn't shaved for near a week. Whistling, he'd hoe and never stop. As he thought of weeds and growing crop.

He glanced at the hillside near the wood. Where, old and brown, his cabin stood. The whistling ceased: a vague unrest Sprang up beneath his ragged vest. Ann Smith came riding by that way. Driving the deacon's "one-hoss shay." Her fingers decked with many rings, Her head with bangs and other things She stopped her horse on seeing Joe, And, in a loud voice, cried: "Hello!"

"I'm dry as a fish. Can you spare a mug Of water from your little jug?" Joe took his jug from 'neath a board And filled for her an old brown gourd. He blushed as he gave it, and stole a glance

At his tattered shirt and his ragged pants. While through a hole in worn-out shoes His toes stuck out an inch or two.

"Thanks!" And her voice had a tender touch:

"I didn't think I could drink so much."



She spoke of the grass, of a coming storm.

The potato bug and the army-worm Then Joe forgot his ragged clothes, His rimless hat and projecting toes And sat on the fence, while a bashful grin

Sat on his features long and thin; While she explained 'twas leap-year then, And women might make love to men. How a husband she would like to find, One who'd be good and true and kind. One who would work and well provide For a woman's wants and a woman's pride.

"You know I am not old," said she; "I'm pretty, too, as you can see."

"You need a wife to bake your bread, To cook, to mend—now will you wed?"

Through Joe's anatomy a thrill Of pleasure passed. "Perhaps I will. I hardly know what's best to do, I need a wife and money, too. Your offer I will bear in mind, And if no better one I find,

When you call again, if anxious still To have me wed, perhaps I will."

The deacon's daughter rode away In an angry mood in the ooh-hoss shay. And, looking back with heart forlorn, She saw Joe Miller hoeing corn.

"The ugly thing, with his crownless hat And dirty clothes, all torn at that; Were no other man on this earthly ball I wouldn't have him now at all."

Joe got a wife as time went by, And built a house two stories high, For his wife was rich, but cross and old, And, alas for Joe, a horrid scold.

No children came to cheer his life, Or bring a sunshine to his strife. Oft by his freighted poor Joe Would watch a picture come and go. Again Ann Smith on leap-year day Drove by in the deacon's one-hoss shay.

Once more he hears a sweet voice say: "Will you wed me, Joe, some happy day?"

He closed his eyes and gave a groan To think the chance away he'd thrown. "If I had not said, on that fatal day, 'Perhaps I will' when she rode away, It fills my heart with sorrow still, That I did not say: 'Of course I will.'"

And poor Joe sighed with secret pain While wishing he were free again. Ann married a blacksmith, people say, To show her spite at Joe's delay.

She chose the plan of Roosevelt, For a dozen kids in her cabin dwelt. And oft as she rode in the ooh-hoss shay She thought of that fatal leap-year day.

She saw Joe Miller sitting still, And heard the words: "Perhaps I will. Alas for the maid! Alas for Joe! That cruel fate should serve them so. Oh, pity them both, and pity them all. Whom marriage bonds do thus enthrall. For of all sad words of tongue or quill, The saddest are these: 'Perhaps I will.'"

Ah, well, with them all a fond hope stays Deeply buried from human gaze, A divorce at last may bring them weal, With it a chance for a "squarer deal."



### HERE'S REAL GOOD SAMARITAN.

Looks After the Undeserving Poor— Says No One Else Will.

There is a rich man in a southern city who makes the undeserving poor his peculiar care, says the Independent.

His methods in dealing with what he calls a fresh sinner are unique, and he regards them as scientific from the heavenly point of view. He insists upon a full catalogue of the victim's transgressions.

He claims that this is done on the theory that a physician first administers an emetic in case of poisoning. Then if the patient is an utterly lost and abandoned woman he frequently takes her home with him, where she is quartered in the guest chamber and treated by the family as the welcome guest whose presence there is in no way remarkable.

For our scientist claims that it is the loss of the sacred home consciousness in such women which casts them so far down, and his purpose is to restore the same by his own fireside, which is particularly attractive in that he has a wife and many young children. Nothing is said to the forlorn one to remind her of her shame; she is simply left to get well, as the scientist expresses it.

And it is astonishing how many of them do get well. His boast is that he has married his girls happily all over the country, for he is an enthusiastic believer in wedlock. Upon a recent visit to a distant city he remarked to the editor:

"I married one of my girls off in this town; couple doing well; moving in the best society. Good as the rest, too, now. But it's a secret; if society knew it would abolish her." He winked in conclusion, at the expense of society.

He cannot make a speech, but he is an eloquent sputterer; and although his manner to ministers is wittily deferential, he has been known to ruin a preacher's meeting and make the victims of his burning incoherence look like rows of paper dolls blown before the breath of a living man disciple.

### Romans in Scotland.

Recent discoveries in the neighborhood of Edinburgh and as far north as the confines of Perth and Inverness shires are exciting among Scotchmen an unprecedented interest in the Roman occupation. Accumulating evidence holds that it took a far more solid hold than is currently supposed has stimulated the exertions of the Scottish antiquaries and resulted in an appeal for funds to which public generosity is not slow in responding. Interest is guided and stimulated by what may truly be called the Roman museum, now open to inspection in the rooms of the antiquaries, on the ground floor of the national portrait gallery in Edinburgh. There may be seen the surprisingly rich bronze helmet and the remarkably beautiful iron tilting helmet, or mask, recently unearthed at Newstead, being with in a mile of Melrose Abbey. If the trips of tourists were not such out-and-dried affairs, visitors to Abbotsford, Dryburgh and Melrose might easily include in their perusal the Roman camp and Roman baths which James Curle has there brought to light—the bath is now in process of excavation. Besides the helmets, Mr. Curle has found vases in bronze, helmets, swords and axes, which, along with plentiful shards of Samian and other ware, suggest that Newstead was a very solid and firmly rooted outpost.

### Black Bear a Thief.

The black bear of the north is a roving animal, continually shifting from one place to another at all seasons except the few months in which he curls up and lies dormant like the woodchuck. The bear seems instinctively to know where to go to find blackberries, beech nuts, succulent roots and other food in which it delights. The bear roots up the ground under beech trees, much as a hog would, in search for beech nuts.

The bear discovers where the chipmunks and squirrels have stored nuts in the ground for the winter supply and robs their storehouse. We are told that bears break into the pig pens of pioneers, carrying off pigs. I have never known of such attacks, but I have known them to attack beehives with impunity for the honey which they relish.

I have heard of bears attracted to telegraph poles by the humming of the wires, thinking that they were in the vicinity of a beehive.—Forest and Stream.

### Millionaire Weds Shepherdess.

Herr Theodore Schlumberger, a German millionaire deputy, has just been married to a young and beautiful shepherdess whom he met tending her flocks near Basle. After a short acquaintance he proposed. His son by his first marriage intervened, and offered the shepherdess \$85,000 to break the engagement, but she refused. His fortune is estimated at \$19,000,000. The father of the bride is a postman.

### Documentary Evidence.

Her Mother—I should rather you would not go sailing with that young man, Clara; I don't believe he knows a thing about a sailboat.

Clara—Oh, but he does, mamma; he showed me a letter of recommendation from a New York firm he used to work for, and they speak very highly of his salesmanship.—The Circle.

## THE OLD LADIES' ENTERTAINMENT

By DELLA THOMPSON LUTES

(Copyright.)

"It's just dear of you to go, Miss Radford, and you, too, Miss Lockwood." Miss Fancesa Vancouver, in the private parlor of Miss Alicia Radford, violinist, soloist and vaudeville star, Hotel du Nord, rose from the satin-upholstered chair and drew her slipping furs up over her shoulders. "The poor old creatures have so few treats, you know," Miss Radford and Miss Lockwood, pianist and accompanist, rose also, and looked their sympathy.

"I think it's good of you, Miss Vancouver, to go to so much trouble in preparing a treat for them. And what shall we play?" asked Miss Radford, moving toward the door with their guest.

"Oh, something good, you know. Something classical and—er—reli-gious, I suppose. That's the kind of music old ladies generally like, isn't it? They're all real old, you know, and ill, some of them, and they're really seen better days, poor things, and will appreciate good music."

"Then I'll say you'll come directly the afternoon's performance is over," she said. "It's so good of you; I hardly dared dream you'd come. Two such famous performers!"

"It's not so long since we were in famous performers," laughed Miss Lockwood, "and, anyway, we're always glad to do anything of the sort. You'll let them know."

"I'll go straight there now. It will be their dinner hour and I'll tell them to assemble in the parlor at—is it four o'clock?"

"That will do nicely."

"I shan't be able to be there myself at that hour, and I'm awfully sorry, for I'd love to hear you, but I've an engagement a week old for four. You won't mind? The matron will take care of you."

Four o'clock found half a dozen old ladies, out of a membership of 50, gathered in the big parlor of the home.

"Where's Mrs. Brainerd?" asked one. "She's generally the first down when anything's going on."

"She said," volunteered another quavering voice, "that she wasn't coming. She said they always sang and played the same old things, and she's tired of them."

Another, leaning upon a crutch, paused in the doorway and looked in. "I had half a mind," she said, "not to come down the stairs for it. I thought, though, being they're from the stage maybe they'd play something a little different."

The matron passed along an upper hall and, noting the many occupants of rooms who were not taking advantage of the invitation, asked the reason.

"We'll hear all we want up here," one informed her. "It's sure to be 'high-class' music, such as Miss Vancouver considers good for the comfort and elevation of our old souls, and I, for one, can hear all I want from here." Others voiced the same opinion in different manners, and when, punctual to the minute, the Misses Radford and Lockwood appeared with music roll and violin box, but few more than the original half-dozen met them.

"The Angels' Serenade," most soulfully and exquisitely executed by Miss Alicia Radford, opened the program, and while upstairs one old head nodded to another as if to say, "I told you so," and here and there a door was closed, not too quietly, the parlor audience greeted the finale with polite if mild enthusiasm. The "Holy City" and "Jerusalem" followed, and their conclusion found three out of eight asleep.

The Miserere from Il Trovatore awoke the slumberers, and the piercing sweetness of its wail drew tears from eyes whose brilliancy had long since been washed away. Poor old Anna Fanning, weak of intellect and gentle of heart, crept to a stool in the hall and sat wiping her eyes with her apron and sobbing softly.

"For heaven's sake, let's play something more lively," whispered Miss Radford to her accompanist, and broke into a gay little mazurka which, to her relief, had the effect of dispelling, to some extent, the gloom, and moved old Anna Fanning to hitch her stool a step nearer the door.

"Is there anything in particular you'd like us to play?" asked Miss Radford, gently, when the mazurka was finished. For a few moments no one spoke, and then one, more rotund of body and brighter of eye than the others, ventured her desire.

"Do you—can you—play Hiawatha?" she asked timidly.

The girls looked at one another and smiled. Hiawatha was a bit old and not exactly in their line, but they could play it. They were also, to tell the truth, somewhat amazed. They had not been led to suppose that the old ladies of the Vancouver home were acquainted with, or had a taste for popular music.

However, they played Hiawatha, and played it with a vim and spirit that brought a faint flush to the still rounded cheek of the old lady who had proffered the request, and caught the alliterated toe of another softly beating time beneath the faded hem of her gown. At the final happy and lightsome chords of the gay little Hi-

termozzo there were a dozen old ladies where there had been eight. A clapping of hands, also, rewarded the efforts of the artists.

"That was beautiful," breathed the admirer of Hiawatha, happily; "I could listen to that all night."

"You don't know 'What You Gwine to Do When the Rent Comes Round' do you?" timidly inquired a particularly saint-like old soul, leaning feebly forward from her rocker, emboldened by the success of her predecessor. The vaudeville artists laughed aloud. They were beginning to get some fun out of it, too.

"I should say we did," replied Miss Radford heartily, and "Rufus Rastus" brought more than one crocheted slipper to beating time to his irresistible rhythm. From every corridor came gentle creaking of doors, and down the stairs came softly trooping a steady line of the lame, the halt and the blind.

When Rufus Rastus was finished there were not half chairs to accommodate the eager and enthusiastic audience. Poor old Anna Fanning had left off her weeping and stood a little back from the open door, stepping lightly back and forth to the music and humming to herself.

"I don't suppose you—could—sing something kind of—lively, could you?" The questioner was bowed and crip-



"He Certainly Was Good to Me."

pled and old. Her face was drawn with grief and her eyes were faded with weeping, but her heart bespoke the immortality of youth.

The girls looked at each other, flushed and laughing. This program was certainly different from what they had expected.

"Slingshot rag-time," said Miss Radford, "isn't exactly my style (how I wish we had Jim Mewlett here)," she interpolated to her friend, "but I guess—" She whispered a few words to Miss Lockwood, who, nodding and laughing, swung her fingers off to the jolliest, catchiest bit of rag-time they could remember.

Miss Radford laid her violin and her dignity both on top of the piano and, assuming a coquettish, cake-walk air, trotted out in a voice that, to the hungry ears before her, rivaled any Melba or Eames, "He Certainly Was Good to Me."

There were 40 eager listeners now where had been eight, and the other ten were leaning on their elbows, with heads propped up and ears strained to catch every blithesome note.

Back and forth pirouetted Miss Alicia Radford, violin virtuoso and soloist, and louder and louder grew the applause, while tears again rolled down aged cheeks, but no longer from memories aroused. Never in all their lives had anything so perfectly delicious happened to them.

When at last Miss Radford dropped laughing, panting and disheveled into a chair, and Miss Lockwood turned flushed and laughing also from her stool, an eager and happy throng surrounded them.

"Beautiful," said one voice, its qualities revived as they had not been in years.

"I never enjoyed myself so in all my life," acclaimed another, hobbling on two crutches to lay a wrinkled hand on Miss Radford's shoulder. From every aged face beamed smiles and glances of appreciative delight when finally Miss Radford had boxed her violin and Miss Lockwood had encased her music.

It was supper time when the old ladies returned to the parlor, and as at the sound of the gong they filed haltingly out to the dining room, unwonted smiles lighted the passage and the walls of the dining room echoed gayer laughter and happier conversation than ever their monotonous surfaces had done before.

Until the last light was out and the last aged form had crept away to rest, there came at intervals from unwatched door and from open ward a broken strain, hummed by long unused lips, from "He Certainly Was Good to Me."



The President Signed the Removal of Restriction Bill at 12:00 o'clock Today

OTIS WEAVER

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Insurance  
In the best companies

# THE EVENING NEWS

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

M. LEVIN

New and Secondhand  
FURNITURE

VOLUME 5

ADA, OKLAHOMA, WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 27, 1908

NUMBER 48

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Of Men's fine suits, fancy weaves in new shades of brown and gray, leads everything in Ada. Choicest production of reliable makers, and sold with a guarantee that is worth something to our customers.....

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We do a Drug Business for your sake and for ours, for our sake, as a means of usefully occupying our time.

We have made it a business and profession for your sake, that you may have no trouble in securing the best in the drug line, and that you can get your prescription filled at any time, absolutely correctly. Is it not clear to you why you should trade with us? - - -

Gwin, Mays & Co

The Ada Druggists

"We run a Drug Store and Nothing More."

## ADA'S CONSERVATIVE BANKS

### Statement of Their Condition Published Under Call of Comptroller Emphasizes Solidity

Observation of the personnel of the banks of Ada, and the analysis of the condition of their banks as shown through the publication of the statement of their condition lately very emphatically emphasizes the solidity of each of these three national banking institutions.

Without invidious comparison with Ada's state banking institution, than which there is none more responsible in the state, there is no gain-saying but that if the banking institutions throughout the land were as conservatively managed and their business as conscientiously directed as those national banks of Ada, the principle of the state guarantee of deposits, though emphatically correct, could well be dormant so far as the general and absolute safety of deposits are concerned.

The controlling directors and officers of Ada National banking houses are notably men of sound business, finance and possessed of marked regard for the protection and safe disposition of the funds with which they have been entrusted.

From the standpoint of a borrower and not depositor, indeed there must appear at times a disposition among these bankers to be too conservative, to be too regardless of the funds with which they are charged to keep safely, for in the

face of attractive interest inducements and large collateral offerings they have during the past year retained the money of their depositors in their vaults and those of us who needed it and had the substantial collateral to offer, have had to go begging.

The bankers may be "cussed" and excoriated on account of apparent or alleged usurious and conscienceless interest charges on some amounts of money they do loan, but leaving out any argument as to the infamy of usury, the fact must impress those who discredit the banks on account of enormous interest charges, that even the love of interest will not induce them to loan a cent of money to any possible endangerment of most pronounced safety of their depositors.

Even a cursory observation of the late published statements of the condition of the Ada National banks naturally promotes a desire afforded on account of the deservedness of the award to call the attention of the public to their condition at this dull time of minimum deposit. The national banking law calls for a reserve of 15 per cent of deposits. The combined reserve of the local national banks is more than 50 per cent of deposits, greater than three times the amount of the law requirement.

### WASHINGTON SPECIAL.

The President, Theodore Roosevelt, Signed the Removal of Restriction Bill at 12 o'clock Today.

Sixty days from date more than 8,000,000 acres of the most fertile lands in the United States will be absorbed from sale restrictions. There is now no field elsewhere on earth more attractive for the investor and more desirable for the settler within its district of industries and ambitious farmers.

### An Accident That May Be Turned Into a Blessing.

On last Friday evening Mrs. A. J. Phillips of west 14th street happened to a severe accident causing the premature birth on Saturday morning at 6 o'clock of a precious little boy. Not having a baby incubator at hand the oven of a gasoline stove was made use of for several hours. This acted nicely until a system of hot water bottles was installed.

The little midget was given up to be dead on several occasions Saturday and Sunday night, but thanks to the untiring assistance and efforts of Mrs. Armstrong and Mrs. Wilson, with the use of the crude incubator the little fellow is now thought to be anchored safely in the land of the living.

The parents have the sympathy and hopes of their many friends. Dr. J. R. Runyan who is the attending physician states there is good hopes of the little fellow living.

### Get a Farm.

The persistent having now signed the removal of land restrictions bill, and since now it is emphatic knowledge that sixty days from date thousands of fertile farms in this section will be for sale at a reasonable price, it is hoped that the good farmers will engage their most earnest attention and best business ability toward securing a farm of their own. Don't wait till the large land investors and land grafters get the cream of the purchasable allotments in their hands, but get busy yourself. Get a farm! This is well meaning advice, and practical. Try your hand.

### The Vice Presidency.

It is very greatly to be desired that, even without regard to fatal contingencies, the Vice President

should be himself of Presidential caliber, that he should, in the manner of his selection, in his commanding abilities, in the dignity of his personal character, not only bring "strength to the ticket" during the presidential campaign, but in the exercise of his high office, after election, inspire confidence in his distinctness and in his character generally, and that he should not, as has sometimes happened, become the center of personal and petty disaffection with regard to the administration which at any moment he may be called upon to supplant--From an editorial in the June Century

## HOLLEY

Is still shining up his store. Got the material to fix it with.

All kinds of Soda Drinks and Ice Cream. Try one of our

JERSEY CREAM MILK SHAKES...

The milk is from our own cows.

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## Our Suits Will Stand Comparison

With any clothes in town at much higher prices--a fact that touches your pocket book very closely. Every garment is made in the most approved style, the fit of the collar, the shoulders, and the back are perfect--just the strong, mannish effect you will admire and appreciate. The materials are of the most dependable sort, in all the popular shades and coloring.

Suits from

8.50 to 20.00

in 2 or 3 pieces

Our line of hats in all the new novelties at most reasonable prices

## I. HARRIS

The exclusive clothing and gents' furnishing house in Ada. Hat and ball given with every boy suit.

Capital Stock -	ESTABLISHED -IN- 1900	Surplus and Profit
\$50,000.		\$17,000

Established eight years ago, and operated under the same conservative management during this time. Have we your account? If not we will welcome it, and be glad to serve you in all banking matters as you deserve to be treated--with courtesy and consideration.

## ADA NATIONAL BANK

Small accounts appreciated and receive the same courteous treatment as large accounts.	TOM HOPE, Pres. FRANK JONES, Cashier. ORVILLE SNEAD, Assistant Cashier.	FIRST: Conservatism SECOND: Profit
--	---	---------------------------------------



Take a hint from Cupid. Buy a Diamond and win a heart. We have Diamonds at rock bottom prices, also the correct thing in 18k wedding rings.

C. J. WARRAN & CO.,  
Next door to First National Bank.

## You'll Never Let Go

of the **Financier** brand once you've got hold of a single cigar so named. It's "there" every way you can think of--shape, size, rolling, finish, filler and wrapper. Of course the tobacco is the thing--the **Financier** has it--lots of it--and makes a mighty good smoke for the knowing consumer of the delectable "weed." **Financier** 5 cents each; \$2.00 the box of 50.

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CREAM  
BAKING POWDER**

**Shields the Food from Alum**

## Ada Evening News

W. B. WEAVER, Editor and Owner

Published as second-class mail matter March 28, 1904, at the postoffice at Ada, Oklahoma, under act of Congress March 3, 1879.



### MAY YET ACT ON CURRENCY.

A Strong Effort to Get the House and Senate to Agree.

Washington, May 27.—The postponement of the final adjournment of congress has had the effect of causing a renewal of the efforts to bring about an understanding between the two houses on the currency question. There were no formal conferences today, but there have been some exchanges in views among individual members of the senate committee on finance, and the house committee on banking and currency, with the result that an informal proposition has been made for adjustment which would include some of the provisions of both the Aldrich and Vreeland bills.

It is now suggested that the house might be brought to accept the emergency bond provision of the Senate bill provided the asset feature of the house bill in modified form also

could be incorporated in the proposed compromise measure. It is said that the house would agree to a very strict definition of the character of commercial paper to be used as security for the issuance of currency, and the senate has been canvassed to some extent for the purpose of ascertaining whether the proposition will be acceptable. It is realized that it would be quite impossible to secure action in the case of any very stubborn opposition by even one or two senators, and it would be necessary to secure in advance practically unanimous consent to the passage of the bill. It also would be necessary to secure almost all the republican members of the house in support of the measure, and it remains to be seen whether this can be done. The plan is still in an incipient state, but the next day or two will serve to demonstrate whether it can be put into execution.

As the day progressed the efforts on the part of the leaders of the two houses to get together on the currency question were continued. Representative Burton of Ohio, who is one of the conferees on the part of the house proved to be somewhat obdurate at first and frankly confessed his unwillingness to accept any compromise. The senate bill later in the day he said that he might yield to the extent of accepting the bond provision for banks not in banking associations, provided it should be so amended as to require them to maintain a reserve.

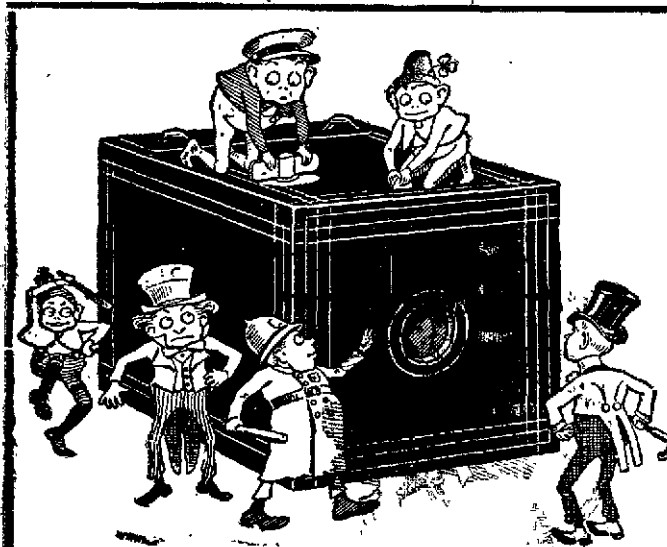
Speaker Cannon has been very active in pressing for legislation because, he says, the business situation demands relief.

30 Days' Trial \$1.00 is the offer on Pineules, Relieves Backache, Weak Back, Lame Back, Rheumatic pains. Best on Sale for Kidneys, Bladder and Blood. Good for young and old. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Sold by Gwin-Mays & Co.



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**Eastman Kodak.**

"If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak."

Take a kodak with you when you go walking or driving with your best girl. Pictures taken beneath the umbrage of some ancient oak or along the banks of some beautiful stream are always appreciated and are pleasant reminders of past scenes. Kodaks of all sizes and prices to sell or rent, kodak supplies, films etc.

**G. M. RAMSEY**  
The Pure Drug Druggist

## The Vanishing Fleets

BY ROY NORTON.

Another report came from China that the fleet of the dragon was still under waiting orders; hence there was nothing for the administration to do but mark time, which it did with poor grace. Within a few days, however, a more disturbing report came from Europe by way of Canada, the usual source of communication. It was to the effect that the kaiser, learning of the disappearance of the British fleet, and believing it destroyed, was showing quick signs of aggression. Vainly the administration hoped that his belligerent intentions might be overestimated; but the passage of days proved that he might be a menace to the general plan.

It was hourly expected that the presence of the radioplanes would be required in the west to meet the Chinese. In view of this necessity, it was decided to dispatch Brockton and Jenkins to Berlin on a mission of diplomacy. They were ordered to visit the kaiser at night, landing at a time and place where they could escape observation, induce the emperor and his chancellor to get aboard the radioplane, and then, after it had been demonstrated that Germany would be powerless in the event of war, to deliver messages announcing that the United States purposed to gain what support she could for a world's peace voluntarily, but would compel it if need be.

Jenkins was familiar with the German capital, having been naval attaché there for a number of years. It was he who evolved the details. The American ambassador was unaware of his country's defense until informed on the night of the arrival, and was speedily enlisted in the enterprise. Through him the kaiser granted the interview, which led to his visiting the radioplane which had been brought to rest beyond the outskirts of the city.

Brockton's task proved a most difficult one; for the emperor, a man of science and interested in all engines of warfare, insisted on being conveyed not only to the plant on the key, but across Chesapeake bay, where he might look down upon the British fleet. The night was ideal for the purpose, Nature seeming to lend herself in behalf of peace. The Norma, now fully fitted and comfortable, was utilized for the mission. Like all others of the American fleet, she carried provisions sufficient to enable her to pass many times round the world in case of emergency.

The kaiser marveled at the display of ingenuity, and was told all but the secret without which no one could cast the radioactive metal. He was even permitted to handle the steering levers and direct her flight for a time, and entered into this with the enthusiasm of a boy. He would have driven her through the air at a speed which would have heated her interior had he not been cautioned, and relinquished his place in the hood only when the shores of the western continent were reached and loomed darkly far below.

It had not been Brockton's intention to show him over the plant on the key; but the sovereign insisted that he be permitted to alight, it being his first visit to America, which he had always longed to make, but had never anticipated. He was permitted to traverse the great machine shops and view the working of the blast furnace, and also to gaze at the formidable fleet of monsters that rested idly along the beach. Muffled in his great coat to

(Continued.)

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U. S. Bonds and premiums	17,962.50	Surplus and Profits	12,143.21
Bonds, Securities, etc.	2,745.45	Circulation	17,500.00
Building, Fur. and Fixts.	14,331.70	Deposits	124,181.67
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	\$203,827.68		\$203,827.68

The above statement is correct.

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Pain Tablets simply coax blood pressure

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Pain comes from blood pressure—congestion. Stop that

pressure with Dr. Shoop's Headache

Tablets and pain is instantly

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Stomach trouble is but a symptom of and not itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, flatulency, and indigestion as real diseases, but they are symptoms only of a certain specific nerve disease—nothing else. It was this fact that first correctly led Dr. Shoop to the discovery of that now very popular stomach remedy—Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Going direct to the stomach nerves, alone brought their power and favor to Dr. Shoop and his Restorative. With that original and highly vital principle, no other having accomplished more was ever to be had. For stomach diseases, bloating, biliousness, indigestion and all other complaints, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Tablets or Liquid—and see for yourself what it can and will do. We sell and cheerfully recommend.

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The Best on Earth  
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Deafness Cannot Be Cured, by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists.

Manzan Pile Remedy. Price 50c is guaranteed. Put up ready to use. One application prompt relief to any form of Piles. Soothes and heals. Sold by Gwin, Mays & Co.

Weak women should read my "Book No. 4 for Women." It was written expressly for women who are not well. The Book No. 4 tells of Dr. Shoop's "Night Cure" and just how those soothing, healing, antiseptic suppositories can be successfully applied. The book and strictly confidential medical advice is entirely free. Write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. The Night Cure is sold by G. M. Ramsey.

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**O. K. MEAT MARKET**

is now conducted by Wright Bros the old-time meat market men of Ada, who will be pleased to meet all their old time customers. Fresh and cured meats, Pure home rendered hog lard. Come in and see us. Courteous treatment. Freshest of meats.

**WRIGHT BROS.**





HORBLE SANK AT THE FIRST SHOT.

## The Captain of the Northern Light

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles)

It was a wild March day and the rising wind sang in the rigging of the ships. The weather horizon dark and brilliant in ominous alternations showed a sky of piled-up cloud interspersed with patches of white squalls were butting. To leeward the broad horizon stretching for a dozen miles to the turquoise rim of reef smoked with the haze of an impending gale. Ashore the palms bent like grass in the succeeding gusts and the reef in berths vibrated with a furious sun. The great atoll of Makin no higher than a man no wider than a couple of furlongs but in circumference a sinuous giant of 30 miles or more lay like a snake on the boisterous waters of the equator and defied the sea and storm.

Within the lagoon and not far off the settlement two ships locked at anchor. One the Northern Light was a powerful topsail schooner of a hundred tons straight bowed low in the water built on fine lines and yet spared for safety the sort of vessel that does well under plain sail and when pressed can fly. The other the Edelweiss was a miniature fore and after of about 20 tons a toy of delicacy and grace betraying at a glance that she had been designed a yacht and in spite of fallen fortunes was still sailed as one. The man that laid her lee rail under would get danger as well as speed for his pains and in time would be likely to satisfy a taste for both by making a swift trip to the bottom.

The deck of the Northern Light was empty save for the single tall figure of Gregory Cole captain and owner who was leaning over the rail gazing at the Edelweiss. He was a man of about 30 his tanned hand some face overcast and somber his eyes with their characteristic hunted look fixed in an uneasy stare on his smaller neighbor.

He had never known how passionately he had loved Midge Blanchard until he had lost her until after that wild quarrel on Nonooch when her father had called him a slave to his face and they had parted on either side in anger until he had beaten up from westward to find her the month old wife of Joe Horble. Somehow in the course of those long miserable months he had never thought of her marrying he felt so confident of that fierce love she had so often confessed for him he had come back repentant, ashamed of the burning of fence he had then taken determined to let bygones be bygones and to be gin if need be a new and a more blameless way of life.

He had to see her. He was mad to see her. The thought of her tortured and tempted him without end. Suppose she too had learned that love is stronger than oneself that the mouth can say Yes when the heart within is breaking that she like him self had found the time to repent her folly? Was he the man to leave her thus to acquiesce tamely in a decision that was doubtless already abhorrent to her to remain with unaffected hands when she might be on fire for the sign to come to him? No never! he begged her forgiveness and offered her the choice. Yes or no it was for her to choose.

He jumped into the dinghy and pulled over to the schooner. Small at a distance she seemed to shrink as he drew near her so that when he stood up he was surprised to find his head above the rail. So this was Horble this coarse red faced trader with the pug nose the fat hands the faded blue eyes that met his own so sourly.

"Capt Horble" said Gregory Cole. "Glad to see you aboard," said Horble.

They shook hands and sat side by side on the rail.

Whereas Midge" said Gregory. "Mis Horbles ashore said the captain.

"I'm afraid I can never call her anything but Midge," said Gregory, delecting the covert reproach in the others voice.

Horble was plainly ill at ease. His face turned a deeper red. He was on the edge of blushing out a disagreeable remark and then hesitated making an inarticulate sound in his throat. Like everybody else he was afraid of the labor captain.

"Grews ashore too," said Gregory, glancing about the empty deck. "There ain't no crew," muttered Horble.

"Thunder," cried Gregory. "Do you do it with electricity or what?"

"Me and Midge runs her," returned Horble.

"Do you mean to say she pulls haws your damn ropes?" exclaimed Gregory.

"Yes," said Horble. "Whats 20 tons between the two of us?"

"And cooks?" said Gregory. "And cooks," said Horble. "I know she can sail a boat against anybody," said Gregory, wincing at the remark.

Horble spat in the water and said nothing. His fat broad back said plainer than words. "You're an intruder! Get out!"

"I believe she's aboard this very minute," said Gregory with a strange smile.

"She's ashore," I tell you," said Horble sullenly.

"I'll just run below and make sure," said Gregory.

He slipped down the little companion way looked about the empty cabin and peered into the semi-darkness of the only stateroom.

"Midge!" he cried. "Midge!"

Horble had not tied to him. There was not a soul below. But on the cabin table he saw Midge's sewing machine and a half made dress of cotton print. She had always been fond of books and there in the corner was her little bookcase taken bodily from her old home in Nonooch. Scattered about here and there were other things that brought her memory painfully back to him that hurt him with their familiarity that caused him to lift them up and hold them with a sort of despairing wonder her guitar her worn lock fast dress the old gilt photograph album he remembered so well. He sat down at the table and buried his face in his hands. What a fool he had been! What a fool he had been!

He was roused by the sound of Horble's footsteps down the ladder. With his head leaning on his hand he looked at the big naked feet feeling for the steps then at the uncouth clothes as they gradually appeared then at the fat weak frightened face of the man himself. He grew sick at the sight of him. Would Horble strike him? Would Horble have the guts to order him off the ship? No the infernal coward was getting out the gin—a bottle of square face and two glasses.

"Say when," said Horble. "When," said Gregory.

Horble tipped the bottle into his own glass. A second mate's grog. One could see what the fellow drank.

"Here's luck," said Gregory. "Drink hearty," said Horble.

"Joe Horble," said Gregory, leaning both elbows on the table, "there's something you ought to know, I love Midge and Midge loves me!"

Horble gasped.

"She's mine!" said Gregory. "Horble helped himself to more gin and then slowly wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"You're forgetting she's my wife," he said.

"I'll give you a thousand pounds

for her, cash and bills," said Gregory.

"You can't sell white women!" said Horble. "She ain't labor."

"A thousand pounds!" repeated Gregory.

"I won't sell my wife to no man," said Horble.

The pair looked at each other. Horble's hand felt for the gin again. His speech had grown a little thick. He was angry and flustered and a dull resentment was mantling his heavy face.

"I'll go the schooner," cried Gregory. "The Northern Light as she lies there this minute not a dollar owing on her bottom with 4200 of specie in her safe. Lock stock and barrel she's yours!"

Horble shook his head. "Midge ain't for sale," he said. "Please yourself," said Gregory. "You'll end by losing her for nothing."

Capt Cole said Horble. "Midge has told me how near it was a go between you and her and how if you hadn't cleared out so sudden the way you did she would have married you in spite of old Blanchard. But when you went away like that you left the field clear and you mustn't hear me no malice for having stepped in and taken your leavings. Whats done's done and it's a sorry game to come back too late and insult a man who never did you no harm."

"Oh," said Gregory.

If you choose," continued Horble in his tone of wounded reasonableness you can make a power of mischief between me and Midge. I don't think it comes very well from you to do it. I don't think anything that calls himself a man would do it. Least of all a gentleman like yourself whom we all respect and look up to. Capt Cole if you've lost Midge you know you can only blame yourself."

"I don't call her lost," said Gregory. "Capt Cole said Horble calmly but with a quiver of his lip. "We'll take another drink and then we'll say good by."

"I'm not going till I see Midge," said Gregory.

Horble began to tremble. "It's for Midge to decide," added Gregory.

"Decide what?" demanded Horble in a husky stammer.

"Between you and me old fellow," said Gregory.

"And you've the gall to say that on my ship at my table about my wife?" exclaimed Horble, punctuating the sentence with the possessive.

"Yes," said Gregory.

Horble sat awhile silent. He was obviously turning the matter over in his head. He said at last he would go on deck and take another look to windward.

"There's a power of dirt to windward!" he said.

Gregory was conscious of a beating pin being whipped out of sight and in an instant he was roused and tense his nostrils vibrating with a sense of danger. The two men stared at each other and then Horble backed into the state room, remarking with furtive insincerity. "There's a power of dirt to windward!" This said the door went shut behind him. Gregory sprang to



Where's Midge

his feet and burst it open with his powerful shoulders crushing Horble against the bunk who pistol in hand fired at him point blank. The bullet went wide, and there was a sound of shattering glass. Gregory's hands clenched themselves on Horble's and the revolver twisted this way and that under the double grasp. Horble was panting like a steam engine. His lower jaw hung open and he cried as he fought the tears streaking his red face. There was an agonized light in his eyes for his forefinger was breaking in the trigger guard. A hair's breadth more and he could have driven a bullet through his opponent's body, a twist the other way—and he moaned and ground his teeth and frenziedly strove to regain what he had lost. Suddenly he let go snatched his left hand clear and throttled Gregory against the wall. Gregory suffocating his eyes staring from their sockets his mouth dribbling blood and froth struggled with supreme desperation for the pistol. Getting it in the very nick of time and eluding Horble's right hand he fired twice through the armpit down.

Horble sank at the first shot, and received the second kneeling. Then he toppled backward, and lay in a twitching heap against the drawers below the bunk groaning and coughing. Gregory with averted face gave him another shot behind the ear and another through the mouth, and then went out, sick and faint, shutting the stateroom door behind him. He sat for a long time beside the

table absolutely spent and still holding the revolver in his hand. He was shaking in a chill though the temperature was over 80 and the cabin when he had first entered it, had seemed to him overpoweringly hot and stifling. He warmed himself with a nip of gin. He looked over his clothes for a trace of blood and was thankful to find none. He took off his coat. He examined the soles of his shoes. No blood! Thank God, no blood!

He went on deck and cast the revolver overboard standing at the taff rail and watching it sink. Even in the time he had been below the wind had risen. It was blowing great gusts to seaward the lagoon itself was white and broken as far as the eye could reach. Aboard his own schooner as they were busy hoisting the top masts and the yeo heave yeo of straining voices warned him that Cracroft was hoisting in the boats and making everything snug.

Gregory leaned against the wheel and tried to think. To throw Horble's body overboard would be to accomplish nothing. The blood shot holes the disordered cabin, would all betray him. To scuttle the schooner with a stick of dynamite was a better plan but that involved returning to the Northern Light with the possibility of Midge coming off in the interval and discovering the murder for herself. No the risk of that appalled him. Besides what ever happened he had another reason for keeping the truth from Midge. The fact of Horble's death even if she thought it accidental would shock her to the core. It was inconceivable that she would feel anything but horror stricken whether she judged her former lover innocent or not. She might even undergo a terrible remorse. At such a moment how little likely she would be to give way to him! Of course she would refuse. Any woman would refuse. Every restraining influence would be massed against him. No his only hope lay in getting her aboard his schooner and out of the lagoon before the least suspicion could dawn upon her. Once away and it might be two years before she might even hear of Horble's death. Once away and the empty seas would keep his secret. Once away—

He studied the weather with a new and consuming anxiety. How could he manage to get out at all or pick a course through the middle channel? It was thick with coral rocks and in a day so overcast the keenest eye would be at fault. And out side what then? Already it was working up a hurricane. To run before it would be courting death.

But to stake Midge's life! Midge whom he loved so dearly! Midge for whom he would have died! And yet there was something sublime in the thought of taking her in his arms and driving before the gale the storm sails tieble reefed on the bending yards the decks awash from end to end Midge beside him the pitchy night in front the engulfing seas behind to swim or sink to ride or smother, accepting their fate together and, if need be drowning at the last in each others arms.

He looked toward the settlement and saw a crowd of natives pushing a whaleboat into the water. looked again and saw old Maka taking his place in the stern sheets and assisting a woman in beside him. The woman! It needed no second glance to tell him it was Midge. He had never counted on her coming off in company. Fool that he was he had taken it for granted that she would be alone. Everything in fact turned on her being alone. Then with a start he remembered his own dinghy and how it would betray him. He had made it fast on the schooner's starboard quarter near the little accommodation ladder. Going on his hands and knees lest his head should be seen above the shallow rail he unlocked the painter worked the boat astern and drew it again to port. Then he crouched down in the alley way and waited.

A few minutes later and the whaler was bumping against the schooner's side. It might have been bumping against Gregory's heart so agonizing was the suspense as he lay breathless and cramped between the coffinlike width of the house and rail.

It was kind of you to bring me off Maka said Midge.

"The old Hawaiian laughed musically in denial. "No no," he cried. "You must come below and see the captain," said Midge.

Gregory was in a cold sweat of apprehension.

"Too much storm," said Maka, doubtfully. "I go home now and put rocks on the church roof."

Five minutes went matter, said Midge.

Again Gregory trembled. "More better I go home quick," said Maka. "No rocks no roof!" The boat shoved off the crew striking up a song. Midge seemed to remain standing at the gangway where they had left her. Gregory felt by instinct that she was gazing at the Northern Light and that as she gazed she sighed that she was lost in reverie and was loath to go below.

He rose stiffly from his hiding place. Even as he did so it came over him that he was extraordinarily tired—so tired that he swayed as he stood and looked at her.

"Midge," he said in almost a whisper. "Midge!"

She turned instantly paling as she saw who confronted her.

"Greg!" she cried.

For a moment they stared at each other speechless. Then he leaped on the house and ran to her, she shrinking back from him as he tried to take her hands.

"You must not!" she cried, as he

would have kissed her. "Greg, you must not!" I'm married. It's all different now."

He tried to put his arms around her, but she pushed him fiercely back. Her eyes were flashing and her bosom rose and fell.

"I'm Joe's wife," she said.

Then, from his face, she seemed to divine something.

"What have you done to Joe?" she cried. "She would have passed him, but he stopped her."

"No no," he protested. "Let me go or I shall call him!" she broke out. "You shant insult me! You shant kiss me!"

He was kissing her even as he held her back, even as she fought and struggled with him—on the lips on the neck on her black loosened hair now tangling and flying in the wind.



"Get Into Your Boat"

He was so weak that she soon got the better of him—so weak and dizzy that he did not guard himself as she struck him on the mouth with her little doubled up fist.

He put his hand to his lip and found it bleeding. He showed her what she had done. She drew back and regarded him with mingled pity and exultation.

"Now will you let me go?" she cried.

Midge returned. "Joe's drunk in his berth. I made him drunk. Midge. I had to talk to you alone and there was no other way."

She was stung to the quick. Her husband's shame was hers and it was somehow plain that Horble had been at fault before. She never thought to doubt Greg's word though his callousness revolted her.

"What is it you want to say?" she said at last in an altered voice.

"To ask you to forgive me."

"For what?" for taking advantage of Joe's one falling?"

"No for leaving you the way I did."

"I'll never do that Greg—never never never!"

"Your father—"

"Don't try to blame my father, Greg."

"I blame only myself."

"Why have you come back to torture me?" she exclaimed. "You said it was forever. You cast me off when I cried and tried to keep you. You said I'd never see you again."

"I was a fool Midge."

"Then accept the consequences and leave me alone."

"And if I can't—"

She looked him squarely in the eyes. "I am Joe's wife," she said.

Midge he said I am not trying to defend myself. I'm throwing myself on your mercy. I'm begging you on my knees for what I threw away."

"You've broken my heart," she said. "Why should I mind if you break yours?"

Midge he cried in ten minutes we can be aboard the Northern Light and under weigh in an hour. We can be outside the reef in two and this cursed island will sink for ever behind us and no one here will ever see us again or know whither we have gone. Let us follow the gale and push into new seas, among new people—Tahiti Marquesas, the Pearl Islands—where we shall win back our lost happiness and find our love only the stronger for what we've suffered."

She pointed to the windward sky. "I think I know the port we'd make."

"Then make it," he cried, "and go down to it in each others arms."

For a moment she looked at him in a sort of exaltation. She seemed to hesitate no longer. Her hot hands reached for his and he felt in her quick and tumultuous breath the first token of her surrender. Herself a child of the sea, brought up from infancy among boats and ships her hand as true on the tiller her sparkling eyes as keen to watch the luff of a sail as any man's, she knew as well as Gregory the hell that awaited them outside. To accept so terrible an ordeal seemed like a purification of her dishonor. If she died she would die unstained if she lived, it would be after such a bridal that would obliterate her tie to the soil below. Then, on the eve of her giving way as every line in her body showed her longing as her head drooped as though to find a resting place on the breast of the man she loved she suddenly tore herself free.

"I'm Joe's wife!" she said.

Gregory faltered as he tried again to plead with her, but in his mind's eye he saw that stiffening corpse below, lying stark and cold on the cabin floor.

"You gave me to him," she burst out. "I'm his, Greg. I will not betray my husband for any man."

Again he besought her to go with

him. But the moment of her madness had passed.

He sat down on the rail instead, his eyes defying hers.

She stepped aft, and his heart stood still as she seemed on the point of descending the companion. But she had another purpose in mind. Throwing aside the gaskets, she stripped the sail covers off the mainmast and began with practiced hands to reef down to the third reef. Then she went forward and did the same to the forestaysail. A minute later hardly knowing why or how, except that he was helping Midge, Gregory, like a man in a dream was pulling with her on the halyards of both sails. The wind thundered in them as they rose; the main boom jerked violently at the sheet and lashed to and fro the width of the deck, the anchor chain fretted and sawed in the hawse hole; the whole schooner strained and creaked and shook to the keelson. Gregory, in amazement, asked Midge what she was doing.

"Going to sea Greg," she said. "Alone," he cried. "Alone?"

"Joe and I," she said.

It was on his tongue to tell her Joe was dead, but though he tried, he could not do so. It wasn't in flesh and blood to tell her he had killed her husband. He could only look at her helplessly and say over and over again. "To sea!"

"Greg," she said. "I mean to leave you while I am brave—while I am yet able to resist—while I can still remember I am Joe's wife!"

"And down he said. "What do I care if I do?" she returned. "What do I care for anything?"

"If it's to be one or the other," he said. "I'll go myself. With my big schooner I'd have twice the chance you'd have."

She put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"You sweet traitor," she said. "you'd play me false!"

He protested vehemently that he would not deceive her.

Besides she said. "I could risk myself but I couldn't bear to risk you Greg."

He tried a last shot. The words almost strangled in his throat.

"And Joe?" he said. "Have you no thought of Joe?"

Joe loves me she said—loves me a thousand times better than you ever did. Joe's man enough to chance death rather than lose his wife."

But I won't let you go! said Gregory.

You can't stop me," she returned. "He caught her round the body and tried to hold her but she fought herself free. His strength was gone. He was as feeble as a child, in the course of those short hours something seemed to have snapped within him. Even Midge was startled at his weakness."

"Greg you're ill!" she cried as he staggered and caught at a backstay to save himself from falling. He sat down on the house and tried to keep back a sob. Midge stooped and looked anxiously into his face. She had known him for two years as a man of unusual sternness and self-control, obstinate reserved, willful and moody yet one that gave always the impression of unflinching courage and resolution. It was inexplicable now to see him crying like a woman his square shoulders bent and heaving his sinewy hands opening and shutting convulsively.

"You're ill," she repeated. "I'll go down and fetch you something."

This pulled him together. "I'm all right Midge," he said faintly. "I suppose it's just a touch of the old fever. See it's passing already."

She watched him in silence. Then she stepped forward dropped down the forecabin hatchway and reappeared with an ax. While he was wondering what she meant to do she raised it in the air and crashed it down on the groaning anchor chain. It parted at the first blow and the Edelweiss, now adrift blundered broadside on to leeward.

Midge ran aft brought the schooner up in the wind and cried out to Gregory to get into his boat.

He said sullenly he wouldn't do anything of the kind.

She lashed the wheel and came up to him.

"I mean it Greg," she said. "You are going to your death, Midge," he said.

"Get into your boat!" she repeated.

He rose and slowly began to obey. "obey."

"You may kiss me good by, Greg," she said.

She put up her face to his, their lips met. Then with her arm around him she half forced half supported him to the port quarter where his boat was slopping against the side. He wanted to resist he wanted to cry out and tell her the truth, but a strange leaden powerlessness benumbed him. He got into the dinghy, drew in the dripping painter she cast after him, and watched her ease the sheet and set the vessel scudding for the passage. With her black hair flying in the wind her bare arms resting lightly on the wheel, her straight, girlish supple figure bending with the heel of the deck she never faltered nor looked back as the water whitened and boiled in the schooner's wake.

Gregory came to himself in his own cabin. Cracroft the mate was bending over him with a bottle of whisky. The Milita steward was chafing his naked feet. Overhead the rush and roar of the gale broke pitilessly on his ears.

"The Edelweiss!" he gasped. "the Edelweiss!"

"Went down an hour ago, sir," said Cracroft, grimly.